

# LETTERS

CONTAINING

## *A SKETCH*

OF THE

## POLITICS OF FRANCE,

From the Thirty-first of May 1793, till the  
Twenty-eighth of July 1794,

AND

OF THE SCENES WHICH HAVE PASSED IN  
THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

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BY

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

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VOL. IV.

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## LETTER I.

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MY DEAR SIR,

IN the sketch I have sent you of revolutionary government in France, too long have I been compelled to wound your feelings by the tale of successive calamities; too long have I been forced to dwell on images of dismay. Yet, in describing those scenes of desolation, how often have I experienced that my pen was unfaithful to my purpose! how faint is the impression which I have conveyed to you at a distance, of those local emotions which are felt on the spot!—

VOL. IV.

B

But

But let me now attempt to communicate at least a portion of that exulting gladness with which I turn from the crimes of tyrants, to recount the triumphs of liberty ; to trace humanity pouring balm into the wounds of the oppressed, and justice stretching forth her arm to shield the innocent, and strike the guilty—Like the weary traveller, who having passed along paths beset with danger, where bare and horrid precipices frowned above, and deep and dark abysses yawned below, gains at length some fair summit, from whence, while he shudders to look back, the prospect opening before him presents scenes cheered by vegetation, and softening into beauty.

Although the great conspirator against the liberty of France had fallen, the colossal spectre of tyranny rising from his tomb still hovered round the national convention. Those deputies who had composed  
part



part of the two committees of government, who had of late excited Robespierre's jealous fears, and who, having been marked as the objects of his immediate vengeance, had themselves contributed to overthrow that sanguinary usurper, were the very men who had been the sharers in his crimes. Another party in the convention was composed of men who had concurred in the horrible violation of liberty on the 31st of May, but who had afterwards ranged themselves under Danton the rival of Robespierre, and to whom, after the execution of their leader, he transferred his hatred and his revenge. The remainder of the convention consisted of what was called the *plain*, made up in general of men who might live under any tyranny with perfect security, since they yielded to every impression, obeyed every impulse, applauded good and evil measures

alike, and were careful only to make no semblance of resistance to any excess of tyranny whatever. There were indeed a few virtuous men of that assembly who had escaped the proscription, who lamented in secret the miseries which desolated their unhappy country, but who waited the return of better days, since their protest would have availed nothing, their numbers being so small that their resistance would only have precipitated their own ruin \*.

The

\* One of the most distinguished persons of this small party was the abbé Gregoire, now bishop of Blois, whose elegant reports to the convention upon public instruction, the fine arts, and literature, I have already mentioned. When terror was the order of the day, when atheism was the standard of republican principles, and when bishops, priests, and even protestant ministers, in the convention professed themselves the converts of Cloots the atheist, and of Chaumette the town-clerk of Paris; Gregoire with virtuous indignation boldly proclaimed his belief in  
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The convention, which had been long divided into two distinct classes, those who ruled without opposition, and those who obeyed without murmur, were too much habituated to the extremes of tyranny and servitude, to lay aside at the first moment the one, or shake off the chains of the other; and the committees of government considered themselves as the lawful successors of Robespierre. In the mean time nothing was heard but accusations against *Catiline*, whose cruelties became the theme of Collot's eloquence, and against whom even Carrier stood forth informer. The work of the revolutionary tribunal had been suspended: but the committee of public safety were anxious to renew its opera-

the doctrines of christianity, and declared that he would never make the sacrifice of his principles and his conscience. He might truly be said to have been "faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he."



tions; and it was proposed by Barrere, that Fouquier Tainville, who had officiated as public accuser, should be re-instated in his office. The first movement of indignation shewn by the convention against the committees was ordering Fouquier himself to be sent to the tribunal, which was followed by the nomination of deputies to fill up the vacancies in the committees of government made by the execution of the late conspirators. The decree for the renewal of one fourth part of those committees each month, instructed the remainder of the decemvirs that their reign was past. Couriers were sent into all the departments to suspend or suppress the various revolutionary tribunals; and every hour being winged with death, the utmost expedition was used to stop the destroying knife.

The more immediate agents of Robespierre were now put under arrest;  
among



among whom were the painter David, who on the 8th of Thermidor proposed at the Jacobins' to drink the poisoned cup with him; and his acolyte Lebon, who had desolated the departments of the North. The inhabitants of Paris recovering by degrees from the stupor into which they had been thrown by the late horrible scenes which had passed before their eyes, and seeing that the strength of their tyrants arose only from their own cowardice, joined themselves to the remains of the *côté droit* of the convention.

The revolutionary committees of the sections, who had followed the instructions of their masters, and who had sometimes exhibited original specimens of tyranny themselves, were re-organised, after having been obliged to submit to the degrading humiliation of changing their revolutionary names of Cato and Pompey, Marat and Leonidas, for those less

renowned appellations which they had before respectively borne.

The indignation of the convention against its late oppressors had not yet assumed any regular feature; it being difficult to make a selection amidst the numbers who had some greater or less atrocity to expiate. At length Lecointre de Versailles, a deputy, brought forward a series of heavy accusations against the leading members of the late government; but so little was the convention affected by a recapitulation of charges which would have struck with horror any other assembly of men, and so many of those who still held seats in that assembly shrunk from the recapitulation of the crimes which were now dragged to day, that, instead of examining into the truth of Lecointre's accusation, they declared the accuser to be a calumniator. The convention at this period gave a lamentable proof of the degradation into  
which

which it was still plunged, or of the remaining influence of that system of terror which had so long regulated its proceedings, by decreeing the resurrection of Marat on the ruins of Robespierre. His canonization, which it was asserted in the convention had been only delayed from the jealousy of Robespierre, received now its due accomplishment. The committee of public instruction, after making a solemn and elaborate report on the virtues of this first preacher of blood, proposed a decree, which the convention confirmed, that the remains of this illustrious martyr of liberty should be transferred to the Pantheon, and receive again the tribute of a nation's tears and regret.

The canonization of Marat was followed by that of Rousseau, who was brought, from his peaceful repose in the island of poplars amidst the enchanting scenery of Ermenonville, to the cavern of

St. Geneviève, where he rests with no ignoble companion, Voltaire. They are now the only tenants of this spacious mansion : for Mirabeau was deposed on Marat's apotheosis, and public indignation has since cleared the building of all its rubbish ; neither the decrees of the committees, nor the clamours of the numerous partisans of terror, being able to restrain the impetuosity of the Parisian youth, who crumbled the monument of Marat into dust, and erased his polluting name from the walls. This victory was not obtained without some previous struggle. Although the commune of Paris was destroyed, the head-quarters of terror and rebellion still remained un-attacked at the Jacobins. Those conspirators, finding the current of public opinion against the late tyranny running too strong to be opposed without some daring effort, assumed the title of deliverers of their country, and, with an effrontery

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equal

equal to their guilt, expelled from their society those members who had been the foremost to overthrow the tyrant, and began themselves to enact laws for the better renovation of the old system. The convention struggled for some time with this barbarous horde, and deliberated on the measures to be taken in the present emergency. The slowness of their deliberations, however, not being agreeable to the impetuosity of French feelings, the Parisian youth attacked the den of these assassins; and the convention, under pretence of putting an end to the tumult, decreed that the society should be suspended.

The revolutionary tribunal, which used to present its operations to the public in the long and terrible lists of the victims which it daily immolated, now presented lists almost as long of persons who, having been imprisoned as authors or accomplices of conspiracies against the republic, were, after trial, set at liberty,



and declared to have had no counter-revolutionary intentions.

The first signal act of public justice which this tribunal performed was the condemnation of Carrier, who was tried with the revolutionary committee of Nantes for the crimes they had committed in that commune. The annals of courts of criminal judicature perhaps never presented a series of such atrocities as were now displayed before this tribunal. The public accuser prefaced the indictment against the committee in these words: " All that is most barbarous in cruelty, most perfidious in guilt, most arbitrary in power; all that is most hideous in anarchy, all that is most disgusting in immorality, compose the charges laid against the revolutionary commissaries of Nantes. In the most ancient annals of the world, in all the pages of history, even in the most barbarous records, we shall scarcely find  
" any



“ any horrors that can be compared to  
 “ those which the accused have com-  
 “ mitted ; Nero was less sanguinary, and  
 “ Phalaris less cruel.”

About a hundred of the inhabitants of Nantes, who had been dragged to Paris the preceding winter in order to be put to death, were acquitted previously to the trial of Carrier ; and many of those persons had been witnesses of the crimes of the revolutionary committee of Nantes before they became its victims. The Jacobin society, who saw nothing in the facts alleged against the committee but a laudable display of revolutionary energy, employed all their remaining influence to secure them from punishment : and they succeeded with respect to the mass of those assassins, two of whom only were condemned to die with Carrier ; while the rest, although found guilty of murders without number, were acquitted of counter-revolutionary intentions. But the  
 victory

victory cost them dear ; for the public indignation annihilated the Jacobin society, and the convention once more broke the revolutionary tribunal, and sent those members of the committee of Nantes who were acquitted, to be re-judged in their departments.

Though terror had ceased to be the *order of the day*, the reparation made to such of its victims as survived, was obtained cautiously and by degrees. The counsels of the assembly were still fluctuating ; and the timid circumspection with which it did good, formed a striking contrast to the daring rapidity with which it had been impelled forwards in the career of evil. But the tale which was unfolded at the revolutionary tribunal of the crimes of Carrier, the reclamations made at the bar of the convention by a deputation from the devastated city of Lyons, the picture which at that bar the husbandmen of  
Bedouin

Bedouin had drawn of their consumed dwellings, their desolated fields, their wandering families, awakened all the energies of humanity; and the cry for justice became impetuous and irresistible. Till now the revolution of the 31st of May had been talked of as an event which had saved the republic, while the members who had honourably protested against that foul conspiracy were still in chains; but the voice of public indignation became too loud to suffer this violation of national justice to continue, and the deputies who had signed the celebrated protest were set at liberty, after some struggles with the mountain-faction, and took their seats in the convention.

This addition to the *côté droit* of the assembly was not however an immediate counterbalance to the *mountain* and its partisans. It might have been imagined that, if those deputies who had protested against the tyranny of Robespierre towards

wards their unfortunate colleagues were set at liberty, the victims themselves deserved a still more speedy act of justice. This, however, was far from being the case; for, when the proposition was made for recalling those into the convention who had been outlawed by the tyrant, it was observed that the gates of the Jacobins were not shut to open those of the Temple; meaning, that these most tried and steadfast friends of the republic were intriguers and royalists. As a special favour, the same member proposed, that, although these proscribed patriots could not be admitted into the convention, the sentence of death pronounced upon them by the late tyrants should be repealed.

The nobles and foreigners who had been driven from Paris by the law of Germinal (a law which appears merciful when we consider the havock made of those who were imprisoned in the capital,

tal, in the interval between that period and the ninth of Thermidor) were also permitted to return to their respective homes. The same report which annulled that law, repealed many other laws of the like barbarous tendency.

After making these reparations to national justice, the convention turned its attention to the late violations of individual property. Without any absolute declaration of the agrarian law, its principles had, during the reign of Robespierre, been established; and the practice of the first Christians adopted in that spirit of fraternity which had so long been the theme of the revolutionists; with this difference, that, though every thing was in common by the force of requisitions, the rich only enjoyed the privilege of contributing, and were refused all share in the administration of what was contributed. It was now decreed, that every man should reap  
the



the fruit of his own industry, and that the property which each individual possessed should be at his own disposal, and not at that of any public requisitors. This law soon brought on the discussion respecting the maximum; that great engine, or rather effect, of terror, which, under the appearance of saving the country, was destroying its very vitals. The maximum, after numerous and warm debates, was abolished.

The conduct of the late governors with respect to literature and the fine arts next underwent a revision, in a long report made by Gregoire to the convention, in which he takes a melancholy survey of the monuments of genius and learning which the unsparing scythe of Jacobinism had mutilated or destroyed. There is no doubt that irreparable mischiefs were committed by ignorance, brutality, and a new species of fanaticism; but there does not appear any complete



plete evidence of the charges that have been brought against the ancient committees of government of wishing to root out the arts and sciences. They indeed persecuted men of letters even unto death, because they feared their influence, and knew that their principles must be hostile to their own shameless usurpation. But while artists perished in sad succession on the scaffold, their assassins displayed on some occasions a sort of affectation of cherishing the arts.

The ancient committees are at least chargeable with the guilt of not having punished the depredations committed by the fury of their revolutionary agents, and by the zeal of the worshippers of Reason. The festivals of that goddess, during the short period of her divinity, proved fatal not only to crosses, altars, popes, and bishops, but to every statue and picture that fell into the hands of her votaries; who, having more reform-  
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ing rage than judgment, frequently mistook the objects of their indignation. A friend of mine, on his return home one day, found that a band of the revolutionary army had demolished an Apollo that stood in his library, which they had mistaken for St. Sebastian; and with much difficulty he prevailed upon those apostles of Reason to spare his Venus, whom they were upon the point of using in the same harsh manner, believing her to be the representative of the virgin Mary\*.

The convention hastened to prevent the further dilapidation of the monuments

\* To such a deplorable state of terror were the people reduced at this period, that a Jacobin deputy, who was sent on a mission to Nîmes, after having harangued a numerous audience for a considerable length of time on the absurdity of religious belief, at length exclaimed, "Que tous ceux qui ne croient pas en Dieu levent les mains †!" The whole

† "Let all those who do not believe in God hold up their hands!"

abject

ments of genius, by declaring that those persons who had been found guilty of such offences should be pursued before tribunals of justice, and by making the constituted authorities responsible for every relic of art which was placed in their respective departments.

While the convention made literature and science again rear their drooping heads, it decreed pecuniary succours to men of letters, who, during the convulsions of anarchy, found their occupation gone, and many of whom were reduced to all the miseries of want. Three ladies were included in this act of national liberality: Dumesnil, the celebrated actress, whose genius, cotemporary with that of abject multitude lifted up their hands, with the exception only of two old women, who refused thus to bow the knee to Baal: for which they were immediately sent to prison; where they remained till Robespierre, after subverting the altars of Reason, Nature, and other divinities, who were becoming almost as numerous as the gods of Hesiod, was at length overthrown himself.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, had so often embellished his tragedies, who had also distinguished herself by her attachment to the cause of liberty, and whose necessities at eighty years of age claimed relief from her country; the grand daughter of Corneille, who, once having no other inheritance than the name she bore, had found an hospitable asylum in the mansion of Voltaire, and who, detained in prison fourteen months during the reign of the Vandals, had now no place on which to lay her head ; and the respectable widow of Lemierre, who during the reign of Lewis XV. had the courage to present to the public the celebrated pieces of Barnevelt and William Tell ; and who, when he saw the revolution stained with crimes, died of a broken heart, and left his widow without resource.

## LETTER II.

ALTHOUGH the system of terror received every day new humiliations, many of its institutors and supporters in the old committees of government, who had bathed themselves in the blood of the innocent, remained unpunished. But the convention, perceiving that the citizens of Paris were ardent in strengthening every measure which led to the establishment of justice and good order, now began to assume a tone of greater severity towards its former oppressors. That assembly had lately rejected as calumnious the accusations brought against the antient committees; but, being now reinforced by the restoration of the deputies who had signed the protest of the 31st of May, it declared that



that Billaud de Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Barrere and Vadier were guilty of the several crimes which had been laid to their charge.

The terrorist-party, though greatly humbled, was not subdued : the lenity which had been exercised towards them served only to increase their audacity ; and the restraint which the government had put on this faction was too feeble to check those bold enterprises to which they had been accustomed. The want of vigilance in the government was however counterbalanced by the ardour of the younger part of the citizens of Paris, many of whom had to regret the loss of a murdered father, a brother, or some dear relation or friend, and whose bosoms beat high with indignation against their late oppressors, whom they resolved to resist with their lives. A new impulse was given to these feelings in the breasts of the Parisian youth, by an appeal



peal which was made to them in a  
 journal entitled *L' Orateur du Peuple*,  
 which was highly popular at that period,  
 and which was written by Freron, a de-  
 puty of the national convention, who  
 on the tenth of Thermidor had taken  
 an active part against the Roberspierrian  
 faction. Freron called upon them by  
 every motive which could animate their  
 minds, to bend their necks no more in  
 abject subjection to the yoke, but to  
 resist their sanguinary oppressors with  
 the vigorous arm of youthful valour,  
 and be themselves the guardians of their  
 rights, and of their native city. This ad-  
 dress produced a sort of electrical effect  
 on the young citizens of Paris. They  
 formed themselves into fraternal bands,  
 paraded the streets and public gardens,  
 singing with exulting rapture “ *Le  
 reveil du peuple*,” a popular air, which,  
 from having since in a great political  
 convulsion been made the signal of one

party, and the hymn of the Marseillois of another, will together with the latter have a place in the records of the French revolution.

A comedian of the name of Fusil, one of the agents of Collot d'Herbois at Lyons, where he had committed the most horrible cruelties, was now an actor at the Theatre of the Republic, at Paris. During the days of terror, the Parisians had been forced to bear the sight of this monster; but the hour of their vengeance was now come. One evening at the theatre, when the first piece was finished, a paper was thrown on the stage, which an actor picked up, and informed the audience that it contained verses bearing the title of "Le reveil du peuple." The people called loudly to hear the verses, and insisted that they should be read by Fusil. After having kept the audience some time waiting, Fusil was forced to appear, and prepared

prepared to begin. "Take a taper in your hand," cried the people, "it is thus that the *amende honorable* is made." Fufil took the taper, and began. When he had read that verse,

"Quelle est cette lenteur barbare ?  
Hâte toi, peuple souverain,  
De rendre aux monstres de Tenare  
Tous ces buveurs du sang humain !"

"Bis, bis !" cried the people ; "repetes ton arrêt ! Malheureux avis au lecteur !" Fufil was condemned to repeat the stanza. —He then read,

"Souffrez vous qu'une horde atroce  
Et d'assassins et de brigands  
Souille de leur souffle feroce  
Le territoire des vivans ?"

The people, by this time thinking him sufficiently humbled, called for two other jacobin-comedians to finish the song. They however were not to be found ; and young Talma, an actor of great genius, presented himself on the stage.

stage. "No, no," cried the people :  
 "no, Talma, you are not a jacobin, you  
 are not a man of blood, you are a true  
 patriot !"

But Talma, sensibly affected by some  
 clamours which arose at the same mo-  
 ment, and which seemed to him to im-  
 ply a doubt of his principles, exclaimed  
 with vehemence, "Citoyens, citoyens,  
 tous mes amis ont péri sur l'échafaud !"\*  
 At these words deep sighs and moans  
 resounded through the theatre. Every  
 spectator seemed to repeat "And I also  
 have lost a father, a husband, a brother,  
 a friend !"

When those emotions had subsided,  
 Talma was ordered to read the song,  
 and Fusil to hold the taper. Many of  
 the sentiments seemed to communicate a  
 sort of electrical feeling to the whole  
 audience ; they arose from their seats,

\* Citizens, citizens, all my friends have perished  
 upon the scaffold!

they

they wept, they clapped their hands, they raised their hats in the air, they mingled the cries of regret with those of "Vive la republique! Vive la convention!" At length the officer of the police appeared in order to know if the audience chose to hear the after-piece, in which Fusil was to act a part. "Yes," cried they, "but not by Fusil." No other actor could be found to replace him. "Let us go then," cried the people; and in a few minutes the theatre was emptied.

The bands of the Parisian youth whom the eloquent appeal of the "Orateur du Peuple" had called together, received at first the appellation of "La jeunesse de Freron;" and when they encountered in the places of public resort, a group of terrorists, they often compelled them to disperse. These disputes generally ended in the interchange of reproachful language, and of the epithets  
 C 3 of



of royalist and jacobin, muscadin and murderer: but occasionally the quarrels arose so high, that the police was obliged to interpose; which sometimes happened too late to prevent a jacobin from being rolled in the kennel, or a muscadin dipped in a canal. The theatres and coffee-houses were the habitual resort of these opponents, and even the galleries of the convention became sometimes the scene of civic animosity.

The accusation brought against the members of the old government gave just cause of alarm to their partisans. The charge against them was the exercise of tyranny over the people of France, by filling the republic with prisons, giving and executing arbitrary orders contrary to law, influencing the revolutionary tribunals and popular commissions, creating such tribunals without any authority from the legislature, and encouraging their sanguinary agents to execute

execute the most atrocious and barbarous measures. Every paper and report of the ancient committees might indeed have constituted an act of accusation; for scarcely any had issued from their hands that did not bear the marks of some atrocity or murder. Uncertainty in the laws is justly esteemed the most dangerous kind of tyranny, because there is no class or condition which it will not reach. The law against the suspected was of this kind; and had it been a law of universal proscription, it could not have been better accommodated to the purposes of the tyrants. Such was in truth the interpretation they gave it, that no one class was exempted. "Is there any difficulty," says Barrere, "as to the application? You will find this counter-revolutionary spirit in the nobles—the fanatics—the unbelieving—the adventurers—the foreigners—the rich—the poor—the inhabitant of the town—the inhabi-

tant of the country—the politician—the merchant—the banker—the eloquent—the indifferent—the periodical writer—the man of letters\* ;” so that in the ample survey of this renowned reporter, no where could he discern patriotism and virtue. This accusation, or rather mass of accusations, was the means by which the

\* “Where then were those citizens “ adds Barere,” who were suspected of being hostile to liberty? They assumed the dress of *sans-culottes*, they filled the public places, they misled the *groups* of the citizens, they corrupted the public mind, they corresponded with foreign powers. Were they noble, they gave assistance to *émigrés* fanatics, they concealed priests who were conspirators; unbelievers, they were continually lamenting the ruin of religion; adventurers, they put on the mask of revolutionists; foreigners, they affected an air of concern for the republic, and undermined it by their exaggerated motions; opulent, they hid with avaricious solicitude their useless fortune; poor, they were continually and bitterly lamenting the new state of things; inhabitants of cities, they destroyed the spirit

the decemvirate were enabled to cover the country with blood, each in his own mode, from the *carmagnol* of Barrere, who has been called the Anacreon of the guillotine, to the mine and cannonade of Collot d'Herbois. "There must be no banishment," says the latter in his speech on the suspected; "we must destroy and bury in the soil of liberty all conspirators; let them be arrested, let

spirit of the revolution by their vices; living in the country, they misled the credulous rustic, and treated the new laws with contempt; politicians, they reproached the government; merchants, they fattened on the most precious substance of the people; bankers, they degraded the national wealth, and supported our enemies; eloquent, they preached federalism; indifferent, they led the van of counter-revolutionists, and wore the appearance of a foreign nation in the midst of Frenchmen; periodical writers, they corrupted the sources of opinion; men of letters, they wept over academical servitude, and, as the hirelings of despotism, their pen was paralyzed in favour of liberty."—Report of Barrere, 12th of Nivose.

the place of their confinement be undermined ; let the match be kept continually burning, and in readiness to blow up them and their adherents !”

The convention approved the report of the committee, and the accused were called on to answer the charges laid against them. The leading points of their defence rested on the external and internal state of the country during their administration : a prey to conspirators within, and to invaders from without ;—and on the general acquiescence of the convention and the people in the extraordinary acts of justice which they were compelled to execute. Those of the convention who felt the force of the appeal, and who were themselves chargeable with greater or less acts of atrocity, not only acquitted them of counter-revolutionary intentions, but declared that they were excellent patriots, and that without their inter-



interposition the republic would have been lost.

This discussion awakened the spirit of Jacobinism, which the voice of the people had laid; and the citizens of Paris began to be alarmed when they saw the agents of terror, and the female furies of the guillotine, asserting with undaunted insolence without the walls, the same principles which their allies the Montagnards were maintaining so unblushingly within. In aid of the Jacobin faction, two or three of the sections of Paris not only presented incendiary and insulting petitions at the bar of the convention, but put themselves into open insurrection.

The convention, which had for some time been apprised of the danger, and of the machinations that were plotting against them, had sought to ward off the blow, by decreeing, that, if the Parisians suffered the legislature to be attacked, a

distant city should receive the national representation. The citizens of Paris, who in general had no greater relish for the return of jacobinical government than the convention itself, assured them that their persons and deliberations should remain unmolested under their safeguard, and that any attempt on the government should meet with its just punishment. This promise of support was not, as usually, a flourish of rhetoric, but an engagement which was sacredly fulfilled. The convention, on the 12th of Germinal, was menaced by a deputation from the suburbs, who came to ask them, why, since justice was the order of the day, *their* friends the *patriots* were kept in prison.—This demand, with others of the like tenor, was enforced by the presence of an immense multitude of the lower classes of men and women, who filled the hall, ranging themselves amongst the deputies,

ties, and who were for the most part so intoxicated that it was with difficulty they could rehearse their lessons, and articulate their wishes, which were for bread, and the constitution of 1793, which was now called the constitution of Robespierre, and which the Jacobins clamorously demanded, because some of its principles led to that misrule and anarchy, in the midst of which they might once more have wielded the sceptre of command. This insurrection was warmly supported by the mountain party, who were furious for admitting "these just reclamations of the people," of which the present petitioners were only the advanced guard, since the main force was at their various posts, in different sections, waiting for the event. The president of the convention could not prevail on the petitioners to withdraw, till the Mountain gave the signal. When the hall was cleared, and the

the alarm-bell had called the citizens to the relief of the convention, they appointed Pichegru, who happened to be in Paris, to the command of the national guard; decreed that Collot, Barrere and Billaud should be banished to Guyanne; and ordered several of the Jacobin deputies, who had been leaders or accessaries in this insurrection, to be arrested, and sent to the fortress of Ham in Picardy. Among these was Leonard Bourdon, the assassin of nine of the most respectable merchants of Orleans, who perished on the scaffold for a pretended attack on his person; and Cambon, the genius of finance, whose operations will long be remembered by the bankers of Paris, to whom he gave frequent lectures on bills of exchange, with occasional references to the newly created minister of commercial affairs, the guillotine.

This decree met with opposition from  
the

the accomplices of the prisoners, who were put under a friendly arrest on their way to the place of their destination ; but the vigilance of the guard restored order, and re-instated the criminals under the protection of their keepers. The convention also decreed, that all who had been concerned in any public act under the late tyranny, or who were known to be friendly to its operations, should be disarmed ; which decree being rigorously enforced, Paris was again restored to its usual order and tranquillity.

L E T :



## LETTER III.

**T**HE revolutionary tribunal, which, from its institution, and the horrible assassinations which it had been the instrument of committing, will remain for ever a striking monument of the perversion that tyrants can make of law and justice, now became the instrument of national vengeance in the punishment of those who had been the immediate actors in those judicial murders. The president of this institution had suffered with Robespierre on the 10th Thermidor; and the public accuser, Fouquier Tainville, had been left since that period, during eight months, to feel in the gloom of a prison a thousand deaths in the rendings of that remorse which could not but gnaw his conscious soul.

This

This wretch, who had scattered death around him, who had rioted in the tears of the innocent, and feasted his heart on the despair of the victims whom a breath from his polluted lips sent every day to the scaffold, was now condemned to feel the pangs he had inflicted, and to implore in vain the mercy he had denied.

With this grand inquisitor were arraigned more than thirty persons, who had been judges or jurymen of the tribunal under the administration of the decemvirs. It is unnecessary to enter into any detail of the accusations brought against them ; in reading these letters your heart has already formed their indictment, and will rejoice that retributive justice is about to stretch forth its too long retarded arm, and avenge humanity for a series of unexampled crimes.

The trial of these judges and jurymen had been wisely protracted ; it was expedient to have their long catalogue  
of

of atrocities unfolded in all their minute horrors ; to make the people feel what tyranny they had suffered, and from what evils they had escaped. For though every person had some private history of cruelty to recount, some friend or relation who had suffered unjustly to lament ; yet the great mass of guilt was unperceived till the evidence was combined and collected.

The levity, and even merriment, with which this horde of assassins disposed of their victims, gives their barbarity a deeper shade of horror. One of these jurymen had received an affront from an aristocrate of his commune, who in a quarrel had thrown him out of the window, and hurt his side. The indisposition with which he was sometimes affected in consequence of this accident, came often in aid to his conscience ; and he informed a person who related it to me, that in all doubtful cases he consulted

sulted his side ; and if it gave him any pain, he was immediately convinced, from intuitive feeling, that the prisoner on whose fate he was to decide was an aristocrate, and voted him, without further consideration, to die.

The seats where the prisoners were placed at the revolutionary tribunal were raised one above another ; and while Fouquier was in the exercise of his office of accusing spirit, a prisoner, who was placed on one of the highest seats, happening to lean too forward, lost his balance, and fell to the bottom of the scaffolding. Fouquier, upon seeing the accident, exclaimed, “ C’est la tête, et pas le corps qu’il nous faut \*.”

A lady of eighty years of age, being dragged to the tribunal on an accusation of having been engaged in a conspiracy in her prison, made no reply to the

\* “ We must have the head, not the body.”

questions of the president ; upon which a person observed “ Elle est sourde.” Fouquier immediately replied in a facetious tone, “ Elle a conspiré *sourde-ment* \*.” I went to the revolutionary tribunal on the day when the public accuser recapitulated the charges, after the examination of the witnesses was finished. I felt an emotion of the deepest horror on entering that hall, where so many persons who were dear to me had undergone the mockery of a trial, and from whence they had been dragged to death. A thousand tender and cruel remembrances pressed upon my heart ; I looked eagerly towards the benches where my friends had once been placed, and saw those very seats now occupied by their murderers. I gazed with a gloomy kind of curiosity upon the countenances of those assassins, which I expected to find impressed with the savage character

\* A play upon the word.



of their souls : but in this I was deceived ; I saw faces that indicated no marks of villany, and some that bore the traces of the better feelings of our nature, and bespoke minds that only extraordinary circumstances and temptation had rendered wicked. There were however exceptions to this observation, among which the most striking was the high priest of this altar of Moloch, Fouquier Tainville, the public accuser : he sat elevated above the rest ; and as it was to him that the great mass of accusation had been directed, during the weeks that the trial had lasted, the torture and atrocity of his soul was strongly expressed in his features. He sat, in general, turned as much as he could from the audience, affected to be very busy in writing notes, and only changed his position occasionally to interrupt the accuser, who was rehearsing the catalogue of his crimes. The list indeed was terrible,

rible, but the effect was somewhat lost from the incapacity of the speaker, who in a low and monotonous accent read his paper with all the tame professional indifference of an attorney. Notwithstanding the coldness of the pleader, the audience shewed such strong signs of indignation, that the court was obliged to impose silence repeatedly. I could not but lament that this part of the process, so replete with every subject that could inspire an orator, had not fallen into better hands. I figured to myself Erskine pleading such a cause, and into what transports of madness he would have thrown his audience!—how he would alternately have harrowed up our souls, and fixed us in sullen despair!—how he would have represented the father offering himself for his son, the brother for the brother, the wife refusing to survive her husband, the mother parting with her child!—how he would have

have painted the appeal of innocence, the magnanimity of patriotism, the indignation of virtue, the agonies of beauty, the shrieks of affection !—how he would have held up to our shuddering sight those unhappy victims of each sex and of every age, piled in carts by the side of their executioners ; their heads uncovered, their hair cut, their hands tied behind their backs with cords, dragged slowly through crowds of cannibals, who, faithful to their tyrants, with threats and blasphemies insulted humanity, virtue, misfortune, and age !—how he would have shewn us those victims mounted on the scaffold, yet reeking with the carnage of victims who had gone before them ; where the wretched mother, while she waited the stroke of death, was condemned to see the fatal knife descend on the child for whom her heart had so often yearned !—from this butchery he would have led us

to

to the closing scene, where the mutilated bodies, yet palpitating with life, were dragged in the baskets into which they had been thrown from the scaffold, and were huddled into a common pit, without any of the decencies of sepulchral rites, and with a covering of earth scarcely sufficient to conceal the mangled corpses!—how he would have dwelt on the violation of law, on the perversion of justice!—how he would have contrasted the sanguinary monsters with their victims—and at length, with the enthusiastic fervor of his sublime eloquence, how he would have humbled our bursting indignation into reverence of the unsearchable decrees of Heaven, and persuaded us that the permission of so much evil is yet consistent with the plan of general good.

The jury upon this occasion found little room to deliberate. That tyranny had existed, needed no proofs; and that these

these men had been its agents, full evidence was given : nothing therefore remained but to apply the law to the crime, and pronounce the penalty. And as if every circumstance of this trial had been designed to mark the retribution of Heaven, the words of their sentence were precisely those which they themselves had so often employed to condemn the innocent ; the accusation being that of a conspiracy against the safety of the French republic, and the punishment, death.

The criminals heard their condemnation amidst the applauses of the rejoicing multitude. Their situation was indeed dreadful ; they were not supported, like their victims, by the soothing consciousness of innocence, by the sympathy of the good, by the tender regrets of love and friendship—For them no sigh was breathed, no tear was shed ;—and the



only sentiment which seemed excited in the breasts of the spectators was that of calculating whether their sufferings were at all proportioned to their guilt. Rage and fury were still the prevailing passions of their souls ; they answered the shouts of the audience with menaces and insults to the court, and prophetic denunciations that their judges would soon share their fate.

On their way to execution they were loaded with the execrations of the people, many of whom, having been accustomed to attend the revolutionary tribunal, had treasured up various strokes of their judicial eloquence. When Fouquier from his cart offered to reply, a general exclamation of " Tu n'as pas la parole " arose from the indignant multitude ; which had been his usual answer to every prisoner who offered to allege any thing in his defence. This monster  
was

was the last executed: he mounted the scaffold with precipitation, and pressed the executioner to make haste; while the curses of the spectators were the last sounds that ushered out of his execrable soul.

## LETTER IV.

WHILE that desire of retribution, which is natural to the human mind, was satisfied in contemplating the great criminals dragged to punishment by the strong arm of national justice, sensations of softer pleasure were excited by observing the delightful transition which these momentous scenes produced in the situation of private individuals:—as after some terrible tempest, some mighty convulsion of nature, while the enormous billows of the ocean subside, and the mountain-forests no longer tremble to their basis, the flowers, the shrubs, the minuter objects of the landscape partake also the reviving influence of a benign sky, and all nature rejoices. Dr. Warton observes, in his Essay on the  
Genius

Genius of Pope, that no story which has been invented is so pathetic as what has really happened. This observation may be peculiarly applied to the period of the revolutionary government in this country; the pencil of fiction has no colouring more gloomy than that which truth then presented, and the stories of romance offer no stronger conflicts of the passions, no incidents more affecting, or sorrows more acute, than what has passed, and what has been suffered, during the tyranny of Robespierre.

You may therefore easily imagine how many scenes of domestic felicity the revolution of the 10th of Thermidor produced; how many families, bereaved of all they loved, of all that gave existence value, and pining with incurable anguish, were suddenly restored to transports so un-  
 hoped that they seemed like some dream of blessedness shedding its dear illusions over the darkness of despair. What a

powerful emotion swells my heart, while I select from the general group an amiable young woman, with whom I am intimately acquainted, straining her infants to her breast, and, while she bathes them with her tears, telling them that they shall see again their father !

A lovely girl of nine years of age, the daughter of one of my friends, whom her parents, when they were sent to prison, folded in their arms with an agony which only parents feel, kneels at the feet of a member of the committee of general safety, and implores him in a voice half choked with rising sobs, to give her back her papa and her mama : her little brother of three years of age, who has been taught to lisp " Je suis patriote, moi," kneels with her, and joins his hands together in the attitude of supplication—the signature that restores liberty to their parents is obtained (for mercy is the order of the day), and the children



children are the bearers of it to the gate of the prison. There they wait in panting expectation—The girl no sooner perceives her mother than she springs upon her neck, the father strains his boy in his arms, and the crowd assembled at the door gaze upon this family interview with all the luxury of sympathetic delight.

A friend of mine, who is well known in the literary world as a man of distinguished talents, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention, was arrested by the agents of Robespierre, and confined, during fifteen months, in one of the most gloomy prisons of Paris. His cheerful philosophy under the certain expectation of death, his sensibility of heart, his brilliant powers of conversation, and his sportive vein of wit, rendered him a very general favourite with his companions of misfortune, who found a refuge from evil in the charms of his society.

society. He was the confidant of the unhappy, the counsellor of the perplexed; and to his sympathizing friendship many a devoted victim in the hour of death confided the last cares of humanity, and the last wishes of tenderness. It was usual with the prisoners, when they expected or received their act of accusation, to write a letter, or leave some memorial of tenderness in the hands of a fellow-prisoner, with directions to confide it to the care of the first person who had the good fortune to be released. After the 10th of Thermidor, Mons. P—— dragged from their places of concealment many a farewell-letter which had been bathed with the tears of the writer, many a lock of silken hair, and many a little relic precious only to the affections; “which,” to use the words of the Man of Feeling, “when they are buried that way, will build their structures were it but on the paring of a nail.”

When

When restored to liberty, he hastened to visit us ; and having a few of those memorials in his pocket-book, he recounted to me the tales of sorrow with which they were connected. In some instances it was delightful to find, that, although the preparation for the scaffold had been made, the last wish uttered, and the last fond gift deposited, the innocent sufferer had been snatched from the stroke of the executioner, while the sanguinary tyrant had perished. One of Mr. P——'s fellow prisoners was a French lady who had married a German, a young man of rank as well as fortune, and who had fixed his residence for some time at Paris. He had met with Mademoiselle de C——, now his wife, during his travels in Switzerland. Before the revolution, it was a fashion among the women of rank in France to have made a journey through Switzerland, and gazed upon the scenes of Rousseau's *Eloisa*;

to have read St. Preux's letter at the foot of the rocks of Miellerie; and at their return to Paris, amidst artificial graces and corrupted manners, mimic with affected tones the genuine enthusiasm of passion, and display that warmth of expression and pomp of sentiment which, when it "plays round the head, but comes not from the heart," is like sun-beams sparkling upon ice.

Mademoiselle de C—— had made this tour with a fashionable party, but her heart was still pure and uncorrupted by the world; her mind was awake to all the finer sensibilities of our nature, and she gazed with unaffected wonder and delight at scenes so new and so astonishing. Amidst those scenes, whose wild and solemn graces are in perfect harmony with the better affections of the mind, Mons. de L—— formed an attachment for his interesting fellow-traveller, who, upon their return to Paris, with

with the consent of her relations, became his wife, in the first year of the revolution. Mons. de L—— lived in an elegant style at Paris; entertained at his table the members of the legislature who were most eminent for abilities, and distinguished himself by his zealous attachment to the cause of genuine liberty. When the ferocious anarchists poured their fatal poisons into her bright and sparkling cup, rich with the purest libations of human happiness, Mons. de L—— protested against their sanguinary measures with that energy which belonged to his character. Having thus, in the contest between the Gironde and the Mountain, placed himself in the front of the battle, Mons. de L—— found himself exposed, when the Gironde perished and the Jacobins prevailed, to all the atrocious fury of those unrelenting victors. A mandat d'arrêt was issued against him by the committee of public safety,



of which having received intimation, he concealed himself for some weeks at Paris, and at length, by means of a false passport, made his escape to Switzerland. In the mean time the system of terror prevailed with increasing violence, and Madame de L——, who had conjured her husband to seek his safety in flight, persuading him that all they should then have to suffer would be the pain of separation, since she had nothing to fear from persecution herself, was soon exposed to the most cruel effects of tyranny. A short time after his departure, the seals were put upon her property, and Madame de L—— was arrested. Being far advanced in her pregnancy, she obtained permission to remain with guards at her own house till she was delivered. The agitation of her mind had produced the most unhappy effects on her frame; and instead of those consolations, those soothing attentions which support the fainting

2

spirits

spirits in that hour of trial and of danger, she was forced to sustain the pangs of child-birth in the gloom of solitary confinement; she heard no voice of tenderness hail with transport the moment of her delivery, "no husband bless her that a man was born." During two months she was confined to her bed, and her recovery was long doubtful. At this period it was asserted by the Jacobins that the rich corrupted the pure principles of the *sansculottes* by whom they were guarded, and an order was issued by the committee of public safety, that all persons confined in their own houses should be transferred to prison. Madame de L—— shared the common fate, and in a state of the utmost debility and weakness was conducted to a maison d'arrêt. But soon after, this house of confinement being considered as too mild a punishment for the wife of so renowned a conspirator against Jacobinism

binism as Mons. de L——, she was removed to one of those gloomy mansions which were the immediate antichambers of the tomb. Here Madame de L—— was placed in a subterraneous grated chamber with several prisoners, one of whom was Mons. P——, who endeavoured to soothe her affliction by every mark of sympathy and respect, and who soon obtained her confidence and friendship.

A deep and settled melancholy had taken possession of her heart ; hope seemed annihilated in her bosom ; she had no doubt of being numbered among the victims who were daily led to the scaffold. But upon the approach of death she could look without dismay : the separation from him she loved was the evil which she had no power to sustain. His image was for ever present to her mind—she saw his last look ; the tears which he was unable to suppress, and  
which

which anguish wrung from his soul at parting—she beheld him wandering a sad and solitary exile through scenes which they had once visited together, and which were embellished by the charm of a first passion. She anticipated the cruel agonies he had to suffer when he should receive the tidings that she had perished. These sad reflections she often communicated to her fellow-prisoner *Monf. P——*, who tried to arm her mind with fortitude, by the arguments of reason, and the consolations of religion. At length the period arrived when *Madame de L——* expected every hour to receive her act of accusation, which was but another term for the sentence of death. Already many of the companions of her captivity had perished; and her name was so well known, that far from being able to indulge any hope of deliverance, it seemed a matter of surprise that she had been permitted to live so long.

As

As the interval between the summons to the revolutionary tribunal, and that to the scaffold, was now only a few hours, Madame de L—— made those preparations for death which her heart required in order to meet it with composure. She confided to Monsieur P—— a paper, on which she had written many directions concerning her child; and the mode in which she wished it to be treated respecting its health and education. This paper, which I have read, was filled with that minute detail which only a mother's heart can suggest, and which only a mother's heart can feel. What was most affecting in it was that yearning tenderness which often broke off abruptly the unfinished sense, not to lament the loss of life, but only to deplore that it was not to be consecrated to the dear purpose of watching over her child. Madame de L—— also committed to Monsieur P——'s care a farewell letter  
to



to her husband, which I have been permitted to translate.

“ To Monsieur de L——.

“ I have contrived to deceive the ever-dear object of all my tenderness, in order to preserve a life far more precious to me than my own. I have made you believe that I am in security, and at peace. I have made you believe that I have passed the spring in our lovely pastoral retreat at Ville D'Avry, and that I have soothed the tedious hours of absence by the tender occupations of a nurse and a mother. Alas, why should you have known till it can no longer be concealed, that a grated dungeon has been my habitation, that the air I breathe is contagion, and that my child, my sweet baby, has been long torn from the bosom that nourished him ! The fatal truth must indeed soon be unfolded to  
you

you in all its horrors; in the list of the victims of every sex, and every age, which the murderous tribunal before whom I am going to appear, drags in sad succession to the scaffold, you will see inscribed the name of your Maria; you will learn she is no more! I see you start back with horror, I hear the groan which expresses that agony of the soul which is denied the relief of tears! Alas, I have spared you those sufferings till they can be averted no longer! I feared also, that if you had heard of my situation you might have formed the wild scheme of returning, of attempting to rescue me. Oh, my beloved friend, all the gleam of consolation that soothes my spirit in this mournful moment, is the assurance of your safety! Yet I well know, that, deprived of me, your life will lose half its value. Would to heaven I could soften the pangs you have to suffer! Alas, perhaps I am sufficiently selfish  
to.

to wish that you should lament my loss, that you should cherish my memory. Why was I not permitted to share your flight, and in some lonely hamlet, far from the turbulence of the world, to have lived but for you? Ah, my dearest friend, we shall wander no more together amidst those sublime mountains on which I have so often gazed with tears of admiration! Ah, no! a few days, perhaps a few hours hence, my eyes will be closed on nature. Could I but have lived to present to you your child, to have seen our infant in your arms, I could have died without regret. He is with Madame, ———, who is not yet imprisoned: but I can scarcely hope she will long escape. What then will become of him?—But you will live for his sake, for the sake of his mother. I conjure you, my beloved husband, by all the tender ties which have bound us to each other, indulge not unavailing sorrow, think of me.

me with that feeling of regret which may lead you to cherish the infant I leave you, but repress that bitterness of affliction which might deprive my child of his last support. He is a sweet infant, I may venture to tell you without a mother's partiality; he has dark-brown hair, the colour of yours, and blue eyes: he resembles you very much,—he *did* at least, for I have not seen my sweet baby for three months past. Those monsters, who tear asunder without remorse all the dearest ties of nature, will not even allow the devoted mother the last sad consolation to embrace her child! Oh, my child, my child! When I think of him my courage fails, and my heart fondly clings to life. If I had but been spared to take care of him in those helpless years that so much require a mother's tenderness! How can I hope that strangers will live, as I should have done, to have removed his little wants, to have watched

watched over him with unwearied solicitude? Oh, no! nothing can supply to him his mother's loss; and perhaps, unfortunate infant! he will soon follow me to the grave.—But no more! I will endeavour to be calm, I will resign myself with confidence to God, I will remember that I am still under the protection of that Being to whom we have so often lifted up our souls with enthusiastic fervour amidst those scenes where every object was an image of his greatness, and seemed full of his divine presence. Yes, my beloved friend, He also is present to me in the gloom of my grated dungeon, He hears the sighing of the captive, He numbers my tears, and He will support my drooping spirit, will sustain my fainting heart in the last trial of humanity! Farewell, my dearest friend! Beloved object of all my affection, farewell! My last thoughts hang on you, my last prayer shall be for you!

you



you alone occupy all my soul on the brink of the grave, and the hope of meeting you in a better world, is all that can sooth the heart of your

MARIA."

The sad présages of this letter, which was dated in the last days of Messidor, were not accomplished. The 10th of Thermidor arrived, and Madame de L—— was snatched from the scaffold. Her friends joined the eager multitudes who night and day beset the committee of general safety with testimonies of the innocence of the prisoners, and with reclamations for liberty. But the universal cry for justice was so pressing and so vehement, and the numbers to be released were so considerable, that, although the committee with wakeful vigilance passed whole nights in undoing the web of captivity which they had so thickly woven, it was long before the task of  
mercy

mercy was finished; and Madame de L—— passed six weeks after the fall of Robespierre in prison. But relieved from the horrors of a dungeon, and the immediate prospect of death, captivity, now cheered by the hope of freedom, by the thought of her husband and her child, was like a soft fleecy cloud through which we mark returning sun-shine after the black gloom of the convulsive tempest.

Madame de L—— was one morning called to the room of the jailor, where she found her maid, who had obtained an order of admission, and who held her infant in her arms. Madame de L—— had borne her misfortunes with the meekest resignation, but at the sight of her child the feelings of the mother burst forth with an impetuosity which had almost proved fatal to her frame—she flew to the baby, she strained it in silence in her arms—her grasp became feeble—she sunk back in a chair, and fainted.

fainted. The moment she recovered, she called eagerly for her child—again she pressed it to her bosom, and at length floods of tears came to her relief. It was found difficult to separate her from her child—she implored with all a mother's earnestness, to be allowed to keep it—But it was against the rules: her release was expected in a few days, and the keeper of the prison refused permission. She now betrayed more impatience at the short period of confinement which remained, than she had done during the long course of her captivity.

At length the order for her liberty arrived, and the friend who procured it conducted her to her house. The sight of her infant and of her home awakened in her mind the most overwhelming emotions. “ Ah,” cried she to her friend, while she held her baby in her arms, “ if my husband were here!”—“ He is! he is!”—cried Monsieur de L—,

L——, who could contain himself no longer, and rushed into the room. Monsieur de L—— being a foreigner, and consequently not being considered as an emigrant, had obtained a passport from the French ambassador in Switzerland, and arrived the day before his wife was released from prison.

The scene that followed, and which has been described to me by Monsieur P——, must have been delightful to witness, but it is unnecessary to detail. Every heart can feel, and every imagination can fill up the picture. We need not be told that the father pressed his infant to his breast with transport, and that the wife and the mother experienced those sensations which it is seldom the lot of humanity to feel, and which its weakness scarcely can sustain.

My friend, Monsieur P——, often passed in his narrative “from grave to gay, from lively to severe;” from the

groans of despair to the light accents of careless sprightliness, and from the dignified distress of elegant minds to the original modes of vexation practised by Jacobin tyrants. The moralist found a subject of speculation, not only in the magnanimous bosom of suffering virtue, but in the coarse and ferocious character of its oppressors; as the chemist does not limit his researches to the finer and more beautiful parts of matter, but penetrates into rude and brute substances in order to discover their properties.

“What infernal genius,” said Monsieur P——, “what infernal genius had taken pleasure in collecting together in a prison so many discordant beings? What was become of that remorse which the philosophers tell us is the sanction of Heaven’s laws, and which the poets have so often represented to us as furies armed with stings?”

“In



“ In a dungeon near my own, two men were confined together who had displayed in their conduct the immense interval by which virtue and vice are separated. Schneider, the infamous Schneider, is covered with the blood of his fellow-citizens—Dudon is bathed with the tears of the fatherless, of whom he can no longer be the father. Schneider is no doubt haunted by the manes of that respectable old husbandman, whom he caused to be put to death because he did not find the dinner which the venerable patriarch set before him sufficiently splendid: he is no doubt pursued by the mangled spectre of that innocent victim, whom terror plunged into libertinism, and who, her complaining virtue having survived the state of degradation into which she had been driven, was murdered by the order of her corruptor. His troubled imagination must transport him to the hall of the convention, where

he hears Robespierre himself accusing him of being cruel as Caligula, and debauched as Heliogabalus. Around Dudon hover those ministering spirits, those angels of peace, who pour the balm of Heaven into the wounds of suffering virtue! Alas, all the systems of philosophy are reversed, and the lessons of the poets are reduced to fictions! Dudon lies restless and agitated upon his bed of straw; a cold sweat covers his venerable brow, he calls upon his son, and scalding tears furrow his wrinkled cheeks.—And Scheider?—The monster enjoys the peaceful slumbers of innocence.

“What words,” continued Monsieur P——, “can paint the grotesque ignorance of Monsieur Wilcheris, his awkward gait, his air de marchand de parasols\*,’ rendered still more ludicrous by

\* Umbrella pedlar.

the broad national scarf thrown across his shoulder, which does not decorate him, but which he dirties as administrator of police? This man was the true Jacobin *par excellence*, who would rather have violated all the rules of grammar, than omitted the *tutoyement* so ingeniously introduced by our Vandals. Wilcheris arrived one morning, at the moment when the companions of my captivity were taking the portion of air which was daily measured out to them. Astonished to see me alone in a room of ten feet by nine, Wilcheris drew back, and exclaimed, “ Mais, citoyen, tu es plusieurs dans cette chambre \*.” In spite of the reverence due to the magistracy, his “ tu es plusieurs” disconcerted my gravity; a fit of laughter prevented me from giving him any reply, and leaving the room with precipitation, I rejoined

\* But, citizen, thou art many in this room.

my companions. The phrase of the administrator made its fortune in the prison, and became proverbial. When our captive generals employed themselves in tracing vast plans, and boasted of the means of putting them into execution; when our financiers without pocket-books proposed systems which they alleged would rescue the state from the misery into which it was plunged; when prisoners, with one foot already on the scaffold reared for them by injustice and atrocity, indulged their imaginations in all the fond illusions of life, and all the gay chimeras of glory, we sometimes awakened them from those vain visions to a sense of their own helplessness, by repeating with emphasis, “Es tu donc plusieurs?\*

“Our cook in this prison was a man who might be cited as possessing the ge-

\* Art thou many then?

nus of his art. His imagination caught fire when he talked of the composition of a ragout, and he descanted in the same elevated language as if the subject had been a lyric poem. This personage had an excellent heart, was the declared enemy of every species of tyranny, and saw much farther than most people of his class. The day on which Robespierre, by the execution of Danton reached the climax of his power, the cook paid us a visit in our dungeon. We were attached to him, because we knew he pitied us. A prisoner, holding out his hand, said, 'Well, my friend, what news do you bring us?' 'Things go on charmingly,' replied the cook. 'Three factions divided Paris; that of Hebert, Danton, and Robespierre.'—At the name of Robespierre we trembled. The cook continued, 'Il y a quelques jours que le Pere Duchene chauffe les



fourneaux du diable\*: to day they have guillotined Danton : it only now remains to destroy the faction of Robespierre.---And we will destroy it!" cried he in a tone of prophetic enthusiasm which I am unable to describe. We all remained silent. The prediction was impressed upon our minds : and afterwards, when we were ready to sink beneath the weight of our own calamities, or were informed by a shriek of despair that the monsters were in the act of multiplying their victims ; we cast a melancholy look upon each other, while the first among us who had sufficient strength to speak, often broke the silence by exclaiming, ' The only resource left, is the the conspiracy of the cook !'

\* " It is some days since Pere Duchene has been heating the furnaces of the devil." Pere Duchene gave himself the title of Marchand de Fourneaux, vender of small earthen furnaces, used by the common people in France, and in which they burn charcoal.

" When

“ When Ifabeau d’Ajouval appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, which holds its sittings in the same hall where those of the great chamber were formerly held ; the president asked him who he was ? ‘ First clerk,’ replied the prisoner, ‘ of the parliament of Paris.’ ‘ Tu dois donc reconnoître cette salle ?’—— ‘ Oui, je la reconnois ; c’est ici où jadis l’innocence jugeoit le crime, et où maintenant le crime condamne l’innocence\*.’”

While Monsr. P—— was in prison, the revolutionary committee of his commune having found several english books in his library, committed them to the flames as counter-revolutionary writings. The first work that lighted up the fire was Robertson’s History of Charles the Fifth ; the figure of the emperor with his

\* “ You must recollect this hall then ?” “ Yes, I recollect it ; it was here that formerly innocence passed sentence on guilt, and where now guilt condemns innocence.”

imperial insignia having excited the most violent democratic indignation. The emperor, however, made his exit in good company, since Sterne, Blair, and many other distinguished writers were condemned to suffer with him in the flames\*.

I received from Mons. P—— a copy of verses, addressed by a prisoner to his son of four years of age, and who had lost his mother a few months after his birth. They are, I think, simple and affecting.

\* A gentleman who is in possession of a fine estate in the neighbourhood of Orleans, received a domiciliary visit at his chateau in the days of terror, from a revolutionary committee, who did not forget to examine the contents of his wine-cellars. They found a considerable quantity of wine marked "Vin d'Espagne." "Here," cried they, "is full evidence d'une correspondance avec l'étranger." The poor gentleman was immediately sent to prison, while the commissaries seized the counter-revolutionary wine, and, lest it should spread farther contamination, divided it among themselves.

OH

## I.

“ OH mon cher fils ! faudra-t-il loin de toi  
 Trainer long-tems mon existence ?  
 Un siècle, hélas ! chaque jour devant moi.  
 S'écoule in doublant ma souffrance.

## 2.

Chaque matin, je voyois mes rideaux  
 S'ouvrir sous ta main innocente ;  
 Et j'oublois plaisirs, peines et travaux,  
 Bercé de cette douce attente.

## 3.

Mais en prison—en proie au désespoir,  
 Sans toi je vois lever l'aurore ;  
 Et t'appelant, te cherchant jusqu'au soir,  
 Sans toi je me retrouve encore.

## 4.

Le col pressé par tes deux petits bras,  
 Je courois les champs, le bocage ;  
 Et cent baisers donnés à chaque pas,  
 Des oiseaux couvroient le ramage.

## 5.

Mais lorsqu'un songe au milieu de la nuit  
 Sur mon sein t'apporte et te place,  
 Au bruit des clefs soudain ton ombre fuit !  
 Je m'éveille, et mon sang se glace.

6.

Le ciel, souvent terrible en ses decrets,  
M'ota la moitié de moi-même :  
Je résistois—Mon fils, tu m'ordonnois  
De calmer ma douleur extrême.

7.

Mais d'un exil s'il faut subir la loi,  
Comment supporter ma misère ?  
Comment mourir, si je ne puis de toi  
Porter un baiser à ta mère ?

IMITATION.

1.

MY child ! and must I far from thee  
The hateful load of life sustain ?  
Each day, a ling'ring age to me,  
Augments thy captive father's pain.

2.

Thy sportive hand, my babe, undrew  
Each morn the curtains of my bed ;  
And every care my bosom knew,  
At eve in thy endearments fled.

3.

Now here enchain'd, my soul's delight !  
In vain for thee at morn I call ;  
Unblest, my infant, by thy sight,  
The gloomy shades of evening fall.

Thine



4.

Thine arms around my neck, we rove  
No more thro' flowery paths of blifs ;  
Where, with the warblings of the grove,  
How sweetly blends thy frequent kifs !

5.

Oft when the cherish'd dream of night  
Has placed thee on my yearning breast,  
The clanking fetter puts to flight  
The image that my soul cares'd.

6.

I saw in beauty's early bloom  
Thy tender mother yield her breath ;  
For thee I liv'd—for thee my doom  
I mourn, of exile, or of death.

7.

Alas, in exile what despair !  
These eyes no more my child shall see !—  
In death what pangs—unless I bear  
Thy mother one embrace from thee !”

Neither the doom of exile nor of death  
was reserved for this affectionate father ;  
he shared in the common emancipation  
of the tenth of Thermidor, and was re-  
stored to the endearments of his child.

L E T-

## LETTER V.

AMONG the companions of Monsieur P——'s captivity was an aged priest. His figure was tall and meagre, his cheeks were deeply wrinkled, and a frow beyond that occasioned by the common lot of captivity seemed to hang upon his heart. Every morning he received a little basket containing the provision of the day, which was but slender, yet prepared with so much neatness and order that it was evidently furnished by a careful hand, that made the most of its little means of bestowing comfort. The basket was brought to the gate of the prison by an elderly woman, who was not admitted to see him, but whose vigilance frequently contrived to glide in.

a scrap of paper, which was filled with expressions of affectionate solicitude about his health, and anxious wishes that he would not suffer his spirits to be depressed by his misfortunes. The billets had the signature of Marianne. The old man often dropped a tear on those billets, and often exclaimed after reading them, “ Poor Marianne!”

In the mean time his health, in spite of the tender admonitions of the writer of the billets, declined rapidly, and the basket of provisions often remained almost untouched, the poor old man having lost his appetite. He grew every day more feeble, and seemed to perceive the approaches of death with pleasure. Monsieur P—— watched over his maladies, and at length persuaded him to relieve his oppressed mind by unfolding the cause of his affliction. The old man related the history of his life, which Monsieur P—— thought sufficiently singular  
to

to merit being recorded, and therefore prevailed upon the priest to relate it once more, and allow him to transcribe the narrative, which I have translated.

“ I am the youngest child of a respectable, but not an opulent family.— My first instruction I owe to the care of a brother, who led me, after his own example, to embrace the ecclesiastical state. The happiness which I saw him enjoy seemed to me the earnest of my own. I was passionately fond of the country, where I was soon provided with a small living, and where I ought to have fixed my abode till my latest hour. Another destiny, however, awaited me. Having had recourse to my brother for some money of which I stood in need, I found his purse-strings, which had ever been undrawn with alacrity at my desire, were now closed against me, and by some strange fatality he even added unkindness to the refusal.

“ Too

“Too proud to enquire into the reasons of his conduct, I forgot all the past, and listened only to my present resentments. In my despair, I hastily abandoned my brother, my family, and my diocese, and took refuge in Paris. Nature had given me the talents of an orator, and those talents were improved by art in the capital, where I was habituated to the office of priest in a large parish. Whenever I appeared in the pulpit, I enjoyed the gratification of delighting my audience; and some presents and great promises made me soon forget the humble dwelling where I was once going to bury myself in obscurity. I was encouraged in proportion to my labours, and obtained in a particular manner the favour of my old curé, who destined for me the first important office that became vacant in his church. A place shortly after presented itself, and I already received the compliments of my colleagues, and the congratulations



gratulations of my friends. But alas! while I soothed myself with bright hopes, an old duchess obtained admission to the cabinet of the curé, in order to bid them vanish. How was it possible to refuse a titled lady? I saw myself supplanted by a dunce who had never in his life opened any other book than his breviary, which he did not understand; but who possessed the supreme merit of having for his god-mother the favourite waiting woman of the duchess. The consequences of my first disgrace served to secure me from a second; I determined to escape from the mortification which I was now made to feel; and after a paroxysm of rage rather than despair, sold a few pieces of furniture with which my oratorical talents had enriched me, and wandered up and down Paris till my funds were nearly exhausted. One day, in an alley of the Tuilleries, I felt myself touched upon the shoulder, and  
when

when I turned round, saw that the person who had touched me was one of my most beloved comrades at school, who used to pay for me at the tavern, upon condition that I paid for him in the class. This young man was now an officer in the regiment of Monaco. He related to me all his adventures and intrigues, and I in return gave him a recital of my dismal story.

“ I was inclined to weep, and my companion interrupted my narrative by violent fits of laughter. Upon enquiring into the cause of this misplaced gaiety, ‘ It is not,’ answered he in a more serious tone, ‘ that your grievances amuse me; but while you were pouring forth your invectives with such fervor against the poor old priest, an idea came across me at which I could not help smiling. My colonel and major show me particular favor, and all the officers of the regiment are my friends. We are in want  
of

of an almoner: will you accept the office, which I am sure I can obtain for you? Germany is the seat of war, and you will follow us thither; you will not be enriched by the military-chest, but if we should give battle, you will certainly stand in need of a strong box. The almoner on these occasions becomes the rightful heir of every deposit he receives, provided it is not reclaimed. Give me then your promise, and this very night I shall embrace in my dear friend, my most honoured confessor.'—I blush to-day at all the follies which high spirits led me to commit, when, at the colonel's table, I saw myself accepted, caressed, and even applauded for some bons-mots which escaped from me. I was appointed almoner that night, and next-day departed, our young men being in a hurry to be killed. My friend gave me the half of his post-chaise, and no travellers ever made a merrier journey.

“ The

“The regiment to which I belonged was one of those which penetrated into the most western part of Bohemia. The campaign was bloody, and the prediction of my friend was accomplished; for I received on the days of battle so many deposits, which, alas! were never reclaimed, that I might easily have enriched myself, if I had not, thoughtless of the future, lavished upon the soldier to-day, what I had received from the officer yesterday.

“Pardon, my dear friend, the tears which furrow my wrinkled cheeks at the recollection of that engagement in which my beloved comrade fell at the head of his company, after having performed prodigies of valour! I received his last sigh, and his death was the prelude of my misfortunes. The fortune of war declared itself against us, our minister purchased peace on dishonourable terms, and the regiment to which I belonged  
was

was broken. I was left destitute in a remote part of Germany, where a Roman Catholic priest was more likely to receive insults than succour; and after the most minute calculation, I found my resources were altogether insufficient to enable me to gain the frontier of France. In order to reach the end of my journey, I was forced to provide for my subsistence by purchasing in the great towns such articles as were likely to attract the simple inhabitants of the country. This wandering life became at length agreeable to me, and in this manner I passed through Switzerland, and Savoy, and arrived in France. But I knew the French character too well to brave the sarcasms and epigrams which I should be sure to encounter if I returned home, and related my adventures. I therefore avoided my native town, and wandered amongst the mountains of Dauphiny. Their inhabitants and those of the banks



of the rapid Rhone were astonished to find me in possession of all the prodigies which the peasant of Nuremberg performed with his knife. In short, upon my entry into Auvergne I found myself possessed of more merchandize, and as much money as before my arrival in Switzerland. I accustomed myself insensibly to my profession, which not only produced profit, but scenes which amused me. An accident, however, led me to abandon this mode of life at the very period when I was most successful.

“ With a stick in my hand, and my little box of wares upon my back, I passed through a town of Auvergne, of which you will dispense with my mentioning the name. The excessive heat, joined to the fatigue of travelling on foot in that mountainous country, obliged me before I could reach the inn, to repose my burden upon a stone-block. Casting  
my

my eyes on the wall, I observed a large placard which, I ran over, having nothing better to do, and the contents of which would probably have left no traces upon my memory, if four or five wags, who were sauntering along the street, had not thought proper to amuse themselves with the earnestness with which a pedlar was reading an advertisement which could only concern a man of letters. The placard gave notice, ' By the order of Messieurs the mayor and sheriffs, the place of grammarian to be given to the candidate who shall best answer all questions upon the Latin language. He will also obtain the freedom of the city, and will be appointed master of the grammar-school, with a pension of 600 livres a-year.' The raillery of the young men awakened in me that feeling of self-love which is so natural to a man who feels the consciousness of his own powers. ' Yes,' cried I, ' I am strong enough to  
fear

fear no rival.' These words, pronounced in a theatrical tone, only served to increase the good humour of the crowd, who appeared to consider the poor pedlar as a madman. The epigrams of this young company decided my fate.

"The next day I entered the lists, and my triumph was complete. Familiar from my youth with all the best Greek and Latin authors, I harangued in Latin a numerous audience, whom the singularity of a grammarian-pedlar had brought together. I explained some difficult passages of Horace and Juvenal, obtained the general suffrage, and was even solicited to accept the place of professor. I consented, and the pedlar-priest became a school-master in a little town of Auvergne.

"I was successful in the task of education, my school flourished, and I obtained general esteem. My establishment having considerably increased, it became

necessary to place an intelligent female  
 at the head of my household ; and the  
 person of whom I made choice was Ma-  
 rianne. The father of this young person  
 had lately died, and left her without re-  
 source ; she therefore thankfully accept-  
 ed the offer of superintending my house-  
 hold---happy if her excellent heart had  
 not felt too much gratitude for so small a  
 benefit ! Marianne's society had at first  
 no influence whatever upon my studies,  
 which were my exclusive passion. But  
 the inexhaustible goodness of her heart,  
 the gentleness of her manners, the sensi-  
 bility of her looks, her minute and de-  
 licate attentions towards me, soon be-  
 came present to my mind in the solitude  
 of my cabinet, and even in the silence  
 of the night. I accustomed myself too  
 soon to kiss the hand which reserved for  
 me the choicest fruits, to listen to a pa-  
 thetic voice which spoke more to my  
 heart than to my senses, and gaze upon  
 a charm-

a charming countenance where I always observed an expression of anxiety to contribute to my happiness. When I read Horace, Marianne was my *Lalagé*; and when I translated Ovid, she became my *Corinna*. In short, by means of little attentions on one side, and gratitude on the other, without either of us being seducers or seduced, we loved each other passionately, and we forgot ourselves.—We had already forgotten the rest of the universe !

“ A few months of happiness had elapsed, when the tears of Marianne warned me that that happiness was on the wing; Marianne was in a state of pregnancy. Could I, as the price of so many sacrifices, condemn her to infamy ? Could I imprint an indelible stain upon her modest brow ? Could I aggravate her disgrace by revealing what I had so powerful an interest to conceal ? Could I extricate myself from those cruel perplexi-



ties by a base flight, and abandon my child and its mother, when the imperious cry of both called upon me to preserve their honour and their life?—Marianne obtained every thing, because she exacted nothing. I took the firm resolution to repair my fault by guarding my secret till death, and I became the husband of Marianne.—I lived about twenty years in the sacred ties of marriage, and was blest with a son who inherited all the virtues of his mother.

“ My establishment became more and more flourishing under the inspection of Marianne.—Ah ! if chance should ever lead you to the town where we had our dwelling, you will perceive at the mention of our names the tears of gratitude with which its rustic inhabitants honour her virtues !

“ All my wishes were satisfied, old age advanced with gentle steps, and my situation appeared to me one of those dreams  
of

of blessedness from which we fear to be awakened. That fatal moment at length arrived. A dangerous malady made me perceive the grave opening to receive me, and this image pursued me still more forcibly during a slow and painful recovery. I found myself assailed by a crowd of ideas which I thought I had renounced for ever; and while I was in this state, the household-affairs obliged Marianne to leave me one whole day in solitude. My brain grew heated, my sick imagination saw every thing in its darkest colouring. I fancied that deep abysses were opening before me, and that avenging thunders rolled around my head. Every text of scripture which presented a God terrible in vengeance to the profane, recurred to my memory: I arose mechanically, and, throwing myself at the foot of a cross which my scholars had decorated for the day of my tutelary saint, bathed it with my tears. I

formed a thousand resolutions which I instantly rejected, but at length I made a solemn vow to abandon my present state of life.

“ I found a pretext for a journey in order to confirm my health by the salubrious air of our mountains, but with the secret intention to travel to the capital of the province; where I was enabled to obtain information respecting my native town, and heard with great joy that one of my college companions had become grand-vicar, and first confidant to the archbishop of my diocese. To him I addressed myself in a long letter, in which I recounted my whole history, my weakneses, my remorse, and called upon his ancient friendship to assist me with his counsels. After having dispatched my letter, I felt my mind relieved, and determined to end my days in repentance, and to die in peace.

“ Those

“ Those soothing ideas restored my former health and vigour ; and even that gaiety which was natural to my disposition.—I no longer considered Marianne as a wife, but as an indulgent friend destined to scatter some flowers along my path, before she strewed them upon my grave. I returned home, but my imagination followed my letter through all the towns by which it was to pass ; I saw it reach the hands of my friend ; I painted to myself the emotion with which it was received ; and I never walked out without enquiring of Marianne, at my return, if the post had arrived. But the enquiry was repeated in vain ; five months had elapsed since my letter was dispatched, and I had renounced all hope of an answer, when one evening two strangers entered my dwelling. There appeared nothing singular in their visit, since I was in the habit of receiving at my house the relations of the children.

who were confided to my care, and they told us they had come for the purpose of placing their sons at my school. And yet a feeling of inquietude hung upon my heart, which all my efforts could not repress. The eyes of the travellers were often fixed upon me, and they seemed to read in mine what was passing in my soul. When supper was over, Marianne left us in order to prepare the strangers' apartments. She had no sooner departed, than one of my guests arose with some solemnity, walked to the door, which he double-locked, and then turned towards me, and holding out his hand, called me by my real name—that name which during thirty years I had never heard pronounced. I was unable to answer; my lips lost the power of utterance: the stranger pressed me to his bosom, and declared that he and his companion were both my nephews. A violent beating at my heart was succeeded

ed



ed by sudden faintings, and I sunk senseless in my nephew's arms. The first object which struck my sight when I recovered my senses was Marianne, who was rubbing my hands in hers, and bathing my face with spirituous waters; while at times she cast a look of inquietude upon the strangers.

“ I passed the night in the most violent agitation. What most affected me was the fate of Marianne; of that tender, that faithful friend, who during twenty-five years had shed the most soothing charm on my existence! How could my barbarous hand tear away the veil which would expose her to shame and dishonour? ‘ And yet,’ I exclaimed, ‘ if she must die, let her receive the stroke from the hand she loves! It will seem to her less terrible.’—I told her the horrible recompense which was reserved for all her sacrifices.—‘ Oh my child!’ she exclaimed—This was all she uttered—but a

father only can feel the pangs which these words communicated to my heart.

“ My nephews informed me that my family had long believed I was dead, and that nothing could exceed their astonishment when the grand-vicar, having called them together, and obliged them to take an oath of secrecy, made known to them the contents of my letter. After a long deliberation, it was agreed upon to circulate the report that I had passed many years in a distant province, but without telling where, or by what means I had provided for my subsistence. The grand-vicar undertook my reconciliation with the archbishop, and my nephews were sent to conduct me to my native town, and were enjoined to treat Marianne with every mark of consideration and respect.

“ Having made known in the village, that indispensable business compelled me to take a long journey with my nephews ;

my son, who had now attained his twenty-second year, and who was distinguished by his talents as well as by his virtues, was at my desire appointed to succeed me in my office.

“Spare me, my dear friend, the detail of my parting with Marianne. I then believed our separation to be final, and I am unable to bear the pangs of that recollection.

“I received the most delicate marks of attention and kindness from my family, and the grand-vicar obtained my reconciliation with the church. I passed some months in a religious house, in order to weep over my crimes. A living became vacant, with which the cardinal who governed my diocese, and who knew my story, presented me, saying, ‘Do not forget to inform Marianne of your situation.’ A short time after, I was permitted to receive Marianne into my family. She was no longer my wife, but she was still

the most tender of friends, who watched with unwearied solicitude over the infirmities of my age, and smoothed my passage to the grave.

“ Some months since our tranquillity was disturbed by the arrival of Jacobin commissaries in the town. I remonstrated against their ferocious measures; I opposed their injustice with all my influence, which was considerable: they declared my humanity to be counter-revolutionary, and sent me to a prison in the department; where finding that I was treated with some indulgence, they caused me to be transferred to Paris, and placed in this abode of horror.

“ Thither I was followed by the companion of my life, by my faithful Marianne. She would have shared my prison, had she not been obliged to preserve her freedom, in order to provide for my subsistence; the seals of the nation being placed on all my little property.

But

But you may perceive that I find no diminution of the comforts my age requires; those comforts my admirable friend supplies with the labour of her hands. It is she who is the daily bearer of that basket, which she toils to replenish, and which I have in vain refused to receive. Her life was once devoted to my happiness, she now lives but to alleviate my sufferings. Alas, my dearest friend, my beloved Marianne, the attempt is vain!—Separated from you, life is a burden which I long to lay down—and the only evil that I dread is that of surviving you. Alas, I fear your infirm frame will sink beneath its wretchedness, and that, before the stroke of the executioner has reached me, Marianne will be no more!”—The old man’s emotion choked his utterance; the tears fell fast down his wrinkled cheeks; and it required all the efforts of Monsieur P——’s



P——'s friendship to reanimate his sinking spirits.

A few weeks after this period, the priest was surprised that one morning the basket of provisions did not arrive at the usual hour. As the day advanced, the old man's uneasiness increased—it was not the loss of his repast that affected him, but the idea that some evil had befallen Marianne.—He wearied himself in going the round of conjecture; the evening came, and brought no tidings of Marianne—At length the prison-gates were closed for the night, which the old man passed without sleep. The next morning the basket arrived, which the priest eagerly opened; but he perceived at the first glance, that it had not been arranged by the careful hand of Marianne. A little billet which she had written was found in the basket—She begged him to be comforted—but she could

could not conceal from him, that, having been denounced as a fanatic, she had been arrested, and sent to prison. All, she said, that affected her, that wrung her heart with anguish, was, that she could no longer supply his daily wants—yet she trusted that some charitable soul would be found in the prison, who would furnish him with his scanty meal—Heaven, she hoped, would reward those who succoured him! She hoped also that they should meet again on earth—or, if that was denied, she would pray to God that they might meet in heaven. The old priest lifted up his eyes, and cried, “Thy will be done!” But these tidings affected his frame so sensibly, that he could no longer raise himself from his bed of straw, where he lay without uttering a complaint, waiting for deliverance in death.

Monfieur P—— carefully supplied him with the few things of which he stood in need, till the period when an equality

equality of misery was established in the name of the *gamelle*, and the benevolent were deprived of the last consolation which had been left them, that of assisting the unfortunate.

The old priest passed some weeks without receiving any tidings of Marianne; when one evening the door of his grated chamber was opened, and Marianne appeared. She flew to her friend, and hung upon his neck in silence. In the sight of Marianne the old man seemed to find a renovation of existence. A thousand and a thousand times he blessed her, and gave way to the most unbounded transport. But Mr P——, who was the witness of the scene, observed that, while he repeatedly declared that he should no longer repine at his dungeon, since Marianne would be near, she answered faintly, and with evident embarrassment. Monsieur P—— found means to speak to her alone, and Marianne informed him that she

she had only been transferred to that prison in order to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, on account of some imprudent expressions of which she had made use, upon seeing an incident which had just taken place at the prison of the Luxembourg, where she had been confined. One of her fellow-prisoners, who was an old man of the name of Fene-  
lon, the nephew of the celebrated arch-  
bishop of Cambray, had the day before received his act of accusation, and was led into the court-yard of the prison, in order to be placed in one of those covered carts, or hearses, which conducted the victims of Robespierre from the other prisons of Paris, to the Conciergerie, the antichamber of the tomb.

The old man who was now devoted to death was the Jonas Hanway of Paris. He had been the general protector of the Savoyards, and had provided for their instruction as well as their wants.

It

It happened that one of the turnkeys at the Luxembourg was a Savoyard : and no sooner did he see his benefactor, the common friend of his countrymen, brought into the court-yard in order to be transferred to the revolutionary tribunal, than he flew towards him, pressed him in his arms, and bathed him with his tears. He held back the gendarme who tried to hasten him away, called him again and again his father, and prevented him from advancing to the cart. " Be comforted," said the venerable old man : " death is not an evil to him who can no longer do good. Adieu, my friend! Adieu, Joseph! Think sometimes of me—" " Oh, I will never forget you!" cried Joseph, who still clung to the old man till the keeper of the prison, apprized of the scene that was passing, appeared, and Joseph was torn from his benefactor.

Marianne was affected at the sight of this aged victim, whose figure recalled



to her mind the image of her friend : but the interview which took place between him and the Savoyard excited emotions which she had scarcely power to sustain ; and when she saw the Savoyard rudely torn from him whom he called his father, her bursting heart could no longer suppress its indignation. Unmindful of her situation, she gave vent to the feelings of her soul, and called upon the vengeance of Heaven against the remorseless tyrants of her country. When the lowest murmur was a crime, when the slightest complaint was counter-revolutionary, it was not likely that the unguarded exclamations which despair had wrung from the heart of Marianne should pass unnoticed. She was immediately removed to the Conciergerie ; and a few nights after her arrival, a huissier knocked at the door of the cell, and, calling her by her name, presented her  
with

with a paper which contained her act of accusation, and which summoned her the day after the morrow to the tribunal. The old man heard the fatal mandate, which deprived him of his last stay on earth, with anguish that refused all consolation except in the hope of death, which indeed seemed ready to come to his relief; for during the course of the following day he was seized with long successive faintings, and sometimes he expressed a hope that that night, the last which Marianne had to live, would terminate his life, and that she would yet be near him at his parting moments. From this struggle of private sorrow, the attention of the prisoners was suddenly roused by the beating to arms, and the sound of the tocsin, which rung the knell of the tyrant. The next day the revolutionary tribunal was suspended, Marianne was snatched from death, and  
soon

soon after, together with the old priest, was set at liberty. The sequestration was taken off his little property, and a gleam of joy once more visited his bosom, and soothed the infirmities of his age.

LET.

## L E T T E R VI.

**W**HILE these acts of national justice took place at Paris, and the convention was pushed on by the people to remedy the evils it had done and permitted ; that country which had been more than any other the scene of blood, where civil war had so long erected its destroying standard—the Vendée submitted, and became an integral part of the republic. The royalists, after their defeat by Westermann, and their passage across the Loire, when, having raised the siege of Granville, they fled from the sea-coast, and retreated to their woods, or disbanded, still maintained the spirit of hostility to the government. The convention, a few months after the fall of Robespierre, published a proclamation addressed to  
all

all who had taken part in the revolt, both in the Vendée and Britany, in which, after painting to them the deplorable state to which they were now reduced, pardon, protection, and friendship were held out in exchange for the fire, the proscription and carnage which had so long desolated those unhappy provinces. The convention adopted the measure of themselves addressing the royalists, "because," says the reporter, Carnot, "they have been so often deceived, that they can give no faith to any more promises, unless the convention, by an authentic act, inspire them with confidence, and bring to the arms of the republic those who were misled, and who are now desirous of reconciliation."

The publication of this amnesty was attended apparently with the most happy effects. The proclamation was made in the month of January, and in the beginning of March the royalist-chiefs accepted



cepted the pardon that was offered, and promised to yield up their arms, and submit to the laws and government of the republic. So sincere did this reconciliation seem on their part, that the two chiefs who had most signalized themselves for valour, Charette and Cormartin, threatened the refractory with the whole weight of their republican resentment, if they did not submit to the conditions offered. These conditions were solemnly accepted and signed at Nantes, and the representatives who assisted at the ceremony were hailed by the royalist generals as the "friends of justice, humanity and goodness, the common fathers of their country;" and were invited by them "to visit their desolated land, to re-animate industry, to encourage labour, to tear off the veil of mourning, and receive the benedictions of those for whose happiness they had provided."

The convention performed at this period

riod a signal act of justice, by decreeing that the estates of those persons who had been condemned by the revolutionary tribunal after the 31st of May should be restored to their families. This return to the principles of humanity excited general satisfaction. All rejoiced that the orphans of murdered parents were at least rescued from the miseries of want, and that the only reparation which was left to offer them was made. But although some portion of misery was thus lightened, there were among the children of those unfortunate persons many who had no landed inheritance to claim, many who depended upon the lives of their parents for support, and who, after their death, were driven from their homes, and exposed to the horrors of want, the evils of dependence, or the anguish of despair.

A family, whose chief satisfaction arises from the performance of those acts of be-

nevolence which fortune has placed in their power, had afforded relief to a widow and her daughter in their neighbourhood, who were in great indigence. One day, when the lady of this family went to visit the objects of her bounty, she found a lovely young woman at work with them, who, it was evident from her conversation and manners, had been accustomed to the higher classes of society. She appeared to be in ill health, and under the oppression of deep melancholy. The lady, though anxious to know the cause of this dejection, suppressed her curiosity from the fear of wounding her feelings. The poor widow, however, who did not understand this delicacy, felt no embarrassment in saying to the lady, " I suffer less for myself, madam, than for this young person, whom I have adopted, and given to my daughter as a sister. She has not, like us, passed her life in indigence; she has been accus-  
tomed

tomed to better days ; and though she  
 never complains, but labours, without  
 ceasing, with us to procure our scanty  
 meal, we know that she must feel a thou-  
 sand hardships to which we are insensible.  
 Her father" [at that name the young  
 lady's tears fell fast upon her work]—  
 "her father was put to death by the  
 revolutionary tribunal. Poor man!—  
 they seized all his property in the coun-  
 try, they stripped him of every thing,  
 and then dragged him in the midst of  
 last winter to Paris to be tried. His  
 daughter followed him on foot. Deli-  
 cate as she appears, she found sufficient  
 strength to walk fifty leagues, and ac-  
 company the cart in which he was brought  
 with several other prisoners. It was she  
 who, in the different towns through which  
 they passed, prepared his food, and beg-  
 ged sometimes a blanket, sometimes a  
 little straw to cover him in the dungeons  
 where he was forced to pass the nights.

She never ceased to follow and console him, till they reached the Conciergerie, when she could see him no more. For three months this poor young lady watched from morning till night, at the doors of the committees, in order, as the members passed, to plead for her aged father. Sometimes they made her perfidious promises, and sometimes they tried to terrify her with threats. At length her father appeared before the bloody tribunal: he could have proved that they had mistaken him for another; but the execrable Dumas, who presided, would not suffer him to speak! When he was condemned to die, his daughter, who was present, gave a shriek, and was instantly dragged out of the court. Her father saw her,—‘Oh! my child,’ he cried, ‘I must leave you then to despair, to all the horrors of want!’ And she has indeed, madam, suffered much! —The hope of being useful to her father supported



supported her while he lived ; but the night after his execution we heard her, for she lodged in the next room to us, heave such moans as pierced our hearts. We heard her call upon her father a thousand times in such accents, that, in short, my daughter could bear it no longer ; and hurrying on her clothes she forced her way into the stranger's room, and tried to give her comfort ; but all she could do was to weep with her.—Since that time I have persuaded, indeed I have forced, her to live with us, that she might not be left alone to her despair. She has some friends in the province where she lived, who would perhaps give her shelter : but she has no longer strength to make the journey on foot, and she has no resources, having long ago sold her watch and all her little trinkets to supply her father with food.”

The poor woman here paused, and there was a silence which the tears of her

auditors left them for some time no power to interrupt. The lady, who had heard this story of misfortune with all the emotions of sympathy, gave this virtuous and unhappy young woman an asylum in her house, and sought to soothe her sorrows by the most tender attentions of friendship. But her succour came too late to heal a broken heart, and restore a frame wasted by fatigue, anguish, and want. A few weeks after she had found the hospitable shelter which was now afforded her, this martyr of filial piety followed her father to the grave.

Nor can we find relief in the reflexion, that this unfortunate young woman was a solitary victim; we know, that during the reign of these bloody men, who robbed the orphan of his right, multitudes in the bloom of youthful beauty have felt her sorrows, and have shared her fate.

Peace with the royalists in the Vendée  
was

was followed by peace with Prussia.— This power, which, contrary to its habits and its interests, had leagued itself with Austria in the invasion of France, was the first of the coalition to sue for peace; since the duke of Tuscany could scarcely be called a part of the coalition, having declared that he was driven into hostilities by the menaces of higher powers.

The French republic had now arrived at a pitch of glory unequalled in the annals of modern history. Instead of seeing their enemies, as in the beginning of the war, advancing through an almost impregnable frontier to the heart of the republic, the French were in tranquil possession of all the Austrian dominions on this side of the Rhine, which they had made the boundary of their conquests. Holland, from an hostile and conquered country, had become an ally; Spain, who beheld the republicans in possession of the eastern part of the kingdom,

dom, and marching to the gates of Madrid, was trying to avert the calamity by timely submission; while Italy trembled for its political existence. The only enemy that France had to dread, was that spirit of savage misrule and anarchy which the dæmon of Jacobinism had raised, and which had transformed the cradle of infant liberty into a den of desolation and carnage.

Although the late attempts of the Jacobins on the 12th and 13th of Germinal were crushed, their punishment had been too slight to serve as a warning against future insurrections. The convention, after that revolt, which the Jacobins had excited in order to snatch their chiefs, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, and Barrere from punishment, had had the weakness to shrink from their trial, and had sent them by a decree into banishment. Like Hannibal, the convention knew how to conquer, but  
knew

knew not how to take advantage of their victory. Cambon and Thuriot, whose arrest had been decreed, but who had concealed themselves in the fauxbourg Antoine, were indefatigable in exciting another insurrection, which they hoped might be attended with more auspicious results. The conjuncture was favourable, since the scarcity of bread, which was the pretence alleged for the last revolt, had increased, and the Jacobin emissaries found little difficulty in persuading the people of the fauxbourgs, who were suffering the most cruel privations, and whose tempers were sharpened by distress, that the senate was chargeable with the public miseries: while in truth those evils were the consequence of the late system of tyranny, the fatal effects of which the people were condemned to feel after their tyrants were overthrown, and which the legislature had no immediate power to remedy.



Early on the morning of the first of Prairial, the fauxbourg Antoine rung the tocsin, and beat to arms. At the same time they distributed with profusion in the streets a printed manifesto, entitled, "The insurrection of the people for bread and the recovery of their rights." In this declaration they represented that the government suffered the people to perish with hunger; that it had arbitrarily imprisoned the most zealous patriots, that part of the military force, having the same conviction with themselves, had refused allegiance to the convention, and that insurrection now became the most sacred of duties; in consequence of which, they resolved that that very day the citizens of every age and both sexes should march against the national convention, to demand bread, the abolition of revolutionary government, the constitution of 1793, the replacing of the present members of the committees

committees of government by other members of the convention, the arrest of all who had shared in the tyranny exercised since the 10th of Thermidor, the liberty of the imprisoned patriots, and the convocation of the primary assemblies. They promised that all due respect should be paid to the national representation, provided care was taken to ensure the success of their measures, such as putting the people in possession of the telegraph, shutting the barriers, arresting refractory citizens, and suspending every administrative power.

The convention in answer decreed, that the city of Paris should be responsible for any attempt against the legislative body; that the citizens should individually repair to their sections to wait the orders of government, and that the chiefs of the revolt should be outlawed, under which title should be comprised the first twenty who should head any

column. A proclamation was made by the convention to the people, and the direction of the military force was confided to several representatives.

Scarcely had the convention published this manifesto, when the insurgents made their appearance, headed as usual by women, who filled the tribunes, and passages leading into the assembly, with vociferations for bread and a constitution; but whose furious looks and menacing gestures indicated more strongly a thirst for blood. The president, Boissy d'Anglas, ordered the tribunes to be cleared, which the military effected; and tranquillity was restored. The calm was of short duration; for in a few moments, re-inforced by fresh numbers, the great door of the convention was burst open by the rebels, and the troops were forced to give way.

Feraud, a member of the convention, estimable for his virtues, and distinguished

ed for his courage, who had just returned from the army of the Moselle, where he had led the republican troops to victory—Feraud without arms, and almost alone, advanced towards the furious multitude, and conjured them to respect the senate, and to save the republic.

“ J’ai été plus d’une fois,” cried he, “ atteint du fer de l’ennemi; voila mon sein couvert de cicatrices! Je vous abandonne ma vie: frappez; mais ne profanez pas le sanctuaire des lois\*.”

The people refused to listen to him; he then threw himself at their feet; he conjured, he implored them to desist; he declared that if they passed, it should be over his body. But he spoke in vain, and the furious crowd were on the point of trampling him under their feet, when

\* “ More than once the sword of the enemy has reached me; here is my breast covered with scars! I abandon my life to you: strike; but do not profane the sanctuary of the laws.”

he

he was with difficulty rescued by his friends.

A multitude of men and women rushed into the hall; the guard formed a line before the representatives, and obliged the crowd to recede; but they soon returned with fresh fury to the charge. They were again repulsed by the deputies Anguis and Feraud at the head of a numerous battalion, by whom they were pursued, and some of their chiefs arrested. In the mean time the crowds assembled round the convention increased every moment, and became more and more tumultuous. The men had written on their hats "Bread, and the constitution of 1793." Some battalions of the sections arrived to protect the convention; but their numbers were few, and there was a want of military order. The battalions most to be depended on had been stationed at posts distant from the danger, while among those



those which surrounded the convention, some participated in the spirit of sedition which they were called upon to subdue. The gendarmes on this occasion shewed themselves fit for the office they had held of *sbirri* of Robespierre and the guillotine. Even the cavalry seemed disposed to yield to the torrent; and some of the soldiers, dismounting, declared, "that they would fight the enemy upon the frontier, but that they would not fire upon the people."

The funeral sounds of the tocsin were mingled with the clashing of pikes and bayonets, the savage cries of the multitude, and the discharge of musquetry which was fired upon the convention. In this attack the rebels had the advantage, the guard was victoriously repulsed, the crowd rushed into the hall; and the tribunes, the bar, the seats of the legislators, were filled with armed men. The president gave some orders to the adjutant-

tant-general Liebault, whom the crowd perceived as he passed along, and thirty sabres were lifted against him. Feraud saw his danger, and flew to succour him. He sprang between him and his assassins with his arms extended, and without any weapon of defence, and was himself instantly wounded. He fell at the foot of the tribune without uttering a complaint; there he was pierced with a thousand strokes of pikes and bayonets; and after being dragged by his hair into a passage leading from the hall, his head was severed from his body, borne upon a pike into the hall, and placed as a trophy before the president. The unfortunate Feraud had said to some of his colleagues on the morning of the first of Prairial, "If it is true that I have served my country, I ask but one recompense of the convention—the permission, when tranquillity is re-established, to go and pass a few days at the foot of the Pyrenées,

renées, with my aged father." "Unhappy youth!" exclaims Louvet, in his funeral oration upon Feraud, "unhappy youth! Thou wilt revisit no more thy mountains, nor thy valley of Aure, nor the fortunate banks of the Nieste and the Adour! Thou wilt see no more the maid to whom thou wert betrothed! And never, never wilt thou again embrace thy venerable father!"

Several pistol-shot were fired at the president, Boissy d'Anglas, but happily with no skilful hand. Nothing could be more admirable than his behaviour in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. Menaced with instant death if he refused to sanction the incendiary decrees which were proposed by the insurgents, he remained calm and immovable; declared that life to him was of little value, presented his breast to the assassins who surrounded him, but inflexibly refused to give his signature;  
and

and became by this honourable resistance the saviour of his country.

The mob took their seats, and constituted themselves into a deliberating body: but reflecting that they themselves had not the power of decision, they determined that the deputies who remained faithful at their post should decide on what they had debated. As the hall was so crowded, it was difficult to discover the persons who had the right of voting, till a member of the mob very ingeniously suggested, that those who were deputies of the assembly should descend into the middle of the hall, before the chair, and there give the sanction to the deliberations of the people. Accordingly the Jacobin deputies, who remained in the hall, which the rest had quitted, ranged themselves in files between rows of armed men, and voted the instant liberation of the patriots, and of the deputies arrested on the 12th of Germinal,

Germinal, domiciliary visits in search of subsistence, the repeal of the law against *terrorists*, the renewal of the committees of general-safety, the arrest of the present members, and their places to be filled up by some of those who were now voting.

The committee of general-safety sent a deputation to this new committee and their constituents; but they were ill-treated, and not suffered to speak. While the new powers were deliberating how to prevent the committees, whom since their own nomination by the people they called usurpers, from making another 12th of Germinal, and were proceeding to put them under arrest, in order to prevent their own, they were met at the door by Legendre with another deputation, who were better prepared to enforce their arguments than the last. A battle immediately ensued, and after some resistance the insurgents fled;



fled; but rallied soon after, and in their turn drove back the citizens. While they were enjoying their triumph, and the Jacobin deputies were singing the victory, the *pas de charge* was heard, and the cries of "Vive la convention!" "Down with the Jacobins!" resounded through the building. The citizens had received a reinforcement, while many of the rebels, overcome with fatigue or inebriety, and satisfied with the triumphs of the day\*, had at night returned to their

\* In the frequent insurrections which have taken place at Paris since the revolution, it has been observed that the people have always dispersed at their usual hour of rest. The same observation was made a century ago by the Cardinal de Retz, who had been ordered by the court to disperse the crowd on the first day of the insurrection of the Fronde. "It cost me very little trouble," says he, "because it was near the hour of supper." This may appear ridiculous, but it is true; and I have observed that, in popular commotions at Paris, the most heated of the mob will not what they call *se desheurer*."

homes.

homes. Recollecting all the horrors connected with Jacobin tyranny, the citizens rushed on the insurgents, soon cleared the hall of the mob, and overturned their new-fangled government.

An interregnum lasted from three in the morning till ten, when the convention resumed its sitting; and, after declaring the nullity of the decrees passed by the Jacobin deputies, ordered twelve of them, amongst which were the new-elected governors, into immediate arrest. The following day, these, with twelve others of the rebel-deputies, were ordered to be sent to the tribunals, on the charge of treason.

The Jacobins, though they had been defeated the preceding night, did not give up the cause, but rallied in the fauxbourgs, and the following afternoon returned to the charge. They had now thrown aside the guise of petitioners, and had roused their patriotism to the  
execution

execution of valorous deeds. Having taken undisturbed possession of the Carrousel, they pointed their cannon against the hall of the convention, which they imagined would be a sufficiently strong hint to the members of the purpose of their visit. The citizens of Paris, who had flown to the assistance of the legislature on the first summons, satisfied with the victory they had gained the preceding day, had not watched with sufficient vigilance the motions of the enemy ; and the party who had relieved their comrades, was too weak to oppose any obstinate or effective resistance.

The convention, whether conscious of the superior force of the insurgents, or desirous of averting this new danger by a seeming accommodation, sent a deputation of ten of its members to *fraternize* with them. This project of fraternizing with the rebels, it was asserted by one of the members, was so admirable, that it would

would be the destruction of the English government; for it was Pitt, as usual, who had organized the insurrection, and who had dissuaded the hostile powers from making peace, by promising them the speedy dissolution of the convention. When the deputation was going out to fraternize, the assembly decreed that bread should become more plenty, and that the constitution of Robespierre should be put into immediate activity. These decrees were ordered to be carried out to the insurgents for their approbation; and a deputy returned to tell the convention that their decrees were accepted, being precisely those which the crowd had come to enforce.

The compliance of the assembly with so much of their demands, led them to insist on sending a deputation in return, to which the convention assented; and immediately a troop were introduced, with an orator at their head; who, after observing

observing that they had received with cordiality the deputation sent by the assembly, declared they were ready to go home, if the rest of their demands were complied with. Bread and the constitution had already been decreed, but the remainder of the petition had been left unnoticed—the immediate release of their friends the patriots, and the punishment of all who preferred money to assignats, were points which the people, according to the speaker, swore that they would rather die than relinquish. The orator finished by crying “Vive la convention! if the members of it were friendly to liberty, which he was inclined to believe;” and of which the president begged him to be assured, by declaring in return that these new demands should be instantly considered. The deputation was invited to the honours of the sitting; and to show the perfect good disposition of the convention, the president called

to



to them as they were going from the bar, to inform them that he had forgot to mention the repeal of the decrees respecting gold and silver. To complete this scene of disgrace and ignominy, the president was ordered to give the fraternal kiss to the rebellious horde, and a deputy congratulated the convention on the holy reunion.

The following day, the third of this insurrection, which has obtained the name of the revolution of Prairial, the convention was permitted to go on with the ordinary business of the day; while the Jacobins were employed in consultation and preparation for another attack.—The convention had decreed, on the second, the outlawry of the deliberative body of insurgents, who had taken possession of the hotel de ville; and the tribunal had condemned to death the assassin of the deputy Feraud; neither of which sentences had effect, since the

former retreated to the fauxbourg, and the latter was rescued from the executioner in going to the scaffold.

It is remarkable enough, that, amidst the long train of executions which had darkened the streets of Paris, this assassin was the only person for whom any attempt to rescue was made. Except in this solitary instance, a part of the multitude from ferocity, and a part from terror, had seen, without betraying any emotion of sympathy, crowds of innocent persons led to death; by some of whom the most affecting appeals had been made to their compassion \*.

The pusillanimity or ill-timed lenity of

\* One youth particularly, of only seventeen years of age, was heard, as he passed along the streets to execution, bewailing the loss of life, declaring solemnly that he had been mistaken for another, and calling upon the people to have pity on his youth, and snatch him from the death he dreaded. But he implored in vain!

the

the convention had emboldened, as might have been expected, the conspirators, and the fauxbourgs were again preparing to march on the fourth. There were now no moments to be lost. The Parisians, seeing the danger which hung over them, repaired to their respective sections, and every avenue to the Tuileries was filled with battalions of citizens armed in defence of the convention. The assembly thus supported took courage, and decreed, that if the fauxbourg Antoine did not deliver up its arms and cannon, as well as the assassin of Feraud, the inhabitants should be declared in a state of rebellion, and the sections of Paris ordered to march instantly against them. The rebels, who had received some intimation, or who conjectured that some hostile attempt would be made on the part of the convention, had defended the entrance to the fauxbourg on the side of the city, and seemed inclined to resist.

the attack. They were, however, alarmed by the arrival of some regiments of troops of the line, together with some of the sections: but when they saw the whole of the fauxbourg surrounded by increasing numbers, and, in addition to famine, were informed that if they did not instantly surrender their houses should be laid in ashes by a general bombardment; they sent a deputation in the evening to inform the convention, that since they had repealed the decree respecting gold and silver, making these metals no longer merchandize, they were inclined to come to terms.

The convention, treating their offer of capitulation with contempt, ordered the generals to reduce the fauxbourg to unconditional obedience, which was effected the same day; the inhabitants having forced the rebels to surrender, since they saw the destruction that awaited both themselves and their property, if they  
joined

joined them, or sanctioned their resistance.

Among the prisoners taken by the troops of the convention, were several of the gendarmerie, whom they led in triumph through the streets, with the cannon belonging to the fauxbourgs. The disarming of the Jacobins, which had been decreed in Germinal, was now put in execution; the use of pikes was abolished, and the cannon belonging to the several sections delivered up to the convention.

This insurrection roused the assembly to the sense of its danger, and prompted it to some acts of severity. The gendarmes who were taken prisoners were put to death; and society was well rid of men who had been too long the instruments of tyranny, and who were too much inured to sights of horror not to be dangerous. The gendarmes had during the reign of Robespierre been con-



stantly employed in dragging his victims to prison ; it was their daily occupation to guard the guillotine while the work of murder went on ; and to them it might have been said in the language of Macbeth, " You have known what you should not."

Six of the deputies who were arrested were tried by a military commission, and condemned ; three of whom perished by suicide after their sentence was pronounced, and the rest suffered on the scaffold.

The Mountain was once more overthrown ; its chiefs, the members of the old committee, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, and Barrere, were ordered to be brought back to take their trial : but the two former had, the night before the courier arrived, set sail, and Barrere only remained. When this news reached the convention, a deputy observed, " C'est la premiere fois que Barrere n'a pas

pas su prendre le vent\*." Barrere, however, was shielded by some invisible hand from further punishment. The lieutenants of terrorism, as they were termed by Legendre, who had been wicked only through fear, obtained their pardon by repentance.

This insurrection of the Jacobins at Paris was concerted and followed by an insurrection of the same class in the departments. The south of France, as I have already related; had been long a prey to their desolating fury; and various had been the struggles, since the fall of Robespierre, between them and the friends of those who had been sacrificed by revolutionary measures. The reaction in some places had been terrible; at Lyons the chief agents of Collot d'Her-

\* " This is the first time that Barrere has missed the wind." Among other appellations bestowed upon Barrere, was that of the Girouette, the weathercock, of the convention.

bois had been massacred in prison, and in other towns vengeance had taken place of law. Nor was this spirit confined merely to acts of personal resentment. The fanatic, under pretence of crushing terrorism, indulged his abhorrence of toleration, and the royalist of republicanism. Companies called companies of *Jesus* and of the *Sun* were instituted, which, if not so barbarous in their executions as the Jacobins, were as much to be condemned in the exercise of what they called retaliation. But the great cause of these disorders was the culpable delay of the tribunals in bringing such of the terrorists to trial as had dyed their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens. In vain the people in various places loudly declared, that if the assassins of their friends and relations were not speedily called upon by the tribunal to answer for their crimes, they would themselves administer that justice which

was

was withheld. Those menaces were often disregarded, till the impatience of vindictive affection rising to phrensy, and spurning the tardy formalities of law, seized the assassin's dagger, and crimes were avenged by crimes.

Three hundred of the most respectable citizens of Nîmes had been put to death by the revolutionary tribunal. Mademoiselle —, a young lady of that city, had seen her beloved father dragged to the scaffold. She immediately withdrew with her mother to a lonely cottage, where they wept in solitude their loss. The fall of Robespierre filled her soul with the most bitter regret that the life of her father had not been prolonged; and her regret was mingled with another sentiment—the terrible sentiment of vengeance. The judgment of a tribunal was too long a process for him who was covered with her father's blood. In the anguish of despair, wrought up to madness, she flew

to Nîmes, placed herself at the head of a band composed of the relations of the massacred citizens, and, seizing the moment when the terrorists were transferred from one prison in the city to another, plunged a dagger into the heart of the judge who had condemned her father to die.

Notwithstanding that abhorrence of the Jacobins which generally prevailed in the south ; they had retained so considerable a degree of influence, that they took possession of Toulon, and prepared to defend it against the conventional forces. This unfortunate town was thus a second time in hostile hands, but the contest was speedily decided. The momentary success of the terrorists had appalled the hearts of the inhabitants of that country, and they were undetermined what measures they should take ; complaining to the representative of the people, Isnard, that they had no arms.—“ No arms ?” exclaimed



exclaimed this enthusiastic patriot, with the same energy with which he threatened the commune previous to the 31st of May : " If you are in need of arms, go and tear from their graves the corpses of your murdered fathers and friends, arm yourselves with their bones, and you are sure of victory ! " The citizens instantly marched to the relief of Toulon, which surrendered, with little opposition.

## LETTER VII.

**T**HIS further defeat of the Jacobins brought on the destruction of the constitution of 1793, which had been so much the pretended object of their wishes, and by which the convention hitherto had sworn; but having been the watch-word of the terrorists, having been stamped with the bloody signet of the 31st of May, it was determined to lay it aside, and form another which should have more restrictions, and consequently be better adapted to the lightness and vehemence of the national character. Accordingly a committee was named to proceed to the formation of a new code of "rights of man," and a new constitution, in order to replace the revolutionary government, which, having lost its master-

master-spring of terror, was, under the mild administration of the reigning party, found too precarious and uncertain to be kept any longer in use.

The convention had locked up the terrorists and the chiefs of the Jacobins, in order to bring them to trial. But imprisonment was all the punishment they received; since a power which no one could discover, averted the rude hand of justice. There were, however, some criminals whose murders called aloud for vengeance, of which number was Le Bon, the conventional missionary at Arras. This monster, the rival of Collot and of Carrier, was examined before the convention, where he defended his atrocities, by calling the members who sat during his mission his accomplices, and by alleging that nothing was done without the order of government, and that his labours had been crowned with the applauses of his colleagues. But the  
conven-

convention was no longer under the influence of tyrants, by whom it had been compelled to give its reluctant assent to crimes which it execrated, and to miseries which it deplored. The accusation of Le Bon was decreed ; and he was sent down to be tried at Amiens, which was near the scene of his guilt, and where a whole desolated province deposed against him.

He defended himself at the tribunal with the anxious perturbation of a wretch who, conscious he deserves not to live, yet dreads to die. But in vain he bestowed on his murders the epithet of revolutionary measures ; in vain he qualified himself with the title of patriot, and his victims with that of conspirators ; he was condemned to make the only reparation that was left, and to follow the citizens he had assassinated to the scaffold.

His memory is in that part of the  
country.

country held in unbounded execration. At the mention of his name the mother presses her infant closer to her breast: and the long catalogue of his atrocities is recorded by every tongue, and engraved with salutary abhorrence on every heart. The Le Bons, the Collots, the Carriers have done their worst; they now serve as the beacons of the revolution, spreading over the gulph of *terrorism* a warning light, and displaying the horrors of that abyss, into which, thank Heaven! this rescued people can be plunged no more.

The peace which had been concluded with the royalists in the Vendée and Britany was but of short duration. The terms granted to the insurgents appeared too equivocal to have much stability; and little reliance could be had on a treaty where much was left to circumstances, and the good faith of an enemy whose hatred was too deeply rooted for  
concilia-



conciliation, and whose pride was too poignantly wounded by pardon.

The vigilance of the conventional army was not lulled by the professions of these new republicans, of whose sincerity, whatever sentiments the committees of government entertained, the troops were too near the scene of action to be the converts or the dupes. This suspicion of the faith of their new allies held them on their guard ; and when the fleet appeared off Quiberon with the emigrant army, such positions had been taken by the conventional forces as rendered the junction of the royalists with their auxiliaries impossible.

This expedition, so fatal to those by whom it was attempted, contained in itself the seeds of its own destruction : and though no British blood was shed, " British honour," as Mr. Sheridan observed, " bled at every pore." Mons. Rouget de

Lille,

Lille, the author of the celebrated hymn of the Marseillois, who had the command of a republican column at Quiberon, has related to me the affecting scene which took place when the emigrants laid down their arms. Many of them knew him personally, and called to him by his name; and some bathed his hand with tears. After the emigrant troops had surrendered, a young man was observed walking alone by the sea-side. Some of the republican soldiers advanced towards him, and he immediately told them that he was the count de Sombreuil. He was conducted to general Hoche; and they walked backwards and forwards together on the sea-shore, till the two representatives of the people, Tallien and Blad, who had been sent on mission to the coast upon the news of the landing at Quiberon, arrived from the fort which was at a small distance. The general presented to them the count  
de

de Sombreuil, whose figure was so interesting, and whose deportment so dignified, that every one lamented that this gallant young soldier had not the glory of shedding his blood for his country, instead of being doomed to die a traitor to its cause. With graceful ease he conversed with the deputies; and Blad related to him, that during the tyranny of Robespierre he had been confined in the same prison with his sister. "Ah!" cried Sombreuil with vehemence, "when you recollect the misfortunes of my family, you cannot wonder that I abandoned France." "Sir," replied the representative, "we also were exposed to the most cruel calamities, but this did not tempt us to forsake our country."

The misfortunes of the count de Sombreuil's family are indeed singular, and affecting. His father, the late governor of the Invalids, a venerable old man, was confined in the prison of the Abbey at the period

period of the massacre of September, and was condemned to share the fate of his unfortunate fellow-prisoners; when, exalted by the sacred enthusiasm of filial piety above all sense of personal danger, his admirable, his heroical daughter flew to the scene of horror, forced her way into the prison, and, undismayed at the sight of the executioners whose bloody sabres were suspended over her father's head, knelt at their feet, and with the irresistible energy of filial tenderness compelled them to listen to the holy cry of nature, snatched her father from instant death, and led him through the band of murderers in safety to his home.

When this interesting young woman was brought, in the days of Robespierre, a prisoner to Port Libre with her father, the prisoners received her with that respectful homage to which her exalted virtue gave her so high a claim. Every eye was filled with tears at the recollection of  
 what

what she had suffered for her father, over whom she still hung like a tutelar angel, preventing his wants, and watching his infirmities. And the monsters who then governed, more merciless than the murderers of September, and unmoved by actions which reflect dignity on our nature, dragged the unhappy old man before their tribunal of blood; while his child, who deserved altars, was doomed to feel with the bitter pangs of unavailing regret, that she had rescued her father from the dagger of the assassin, only to see him perish at eighty years of age upon the scaffold\*.

General

\* There appears to be a fanaticism in politics, as well as in religion; and the second of September may perhaps be considered as the St. Bartholomew of the revolution. Monsieur Maron, the protestant minister at Paris, has related to me a singular instance of this nature. One of the executioners in those days of horror was a young man, a protestant, the son of a poor and pious widow, who received her.



General Hoche having reminded Sombreuil that he was still armed, he immediately took off his sword, and gave it to Monsieur Rouget de Lille. He told the representatives, that he knew well the fate that awaited him, for which he was perfectly prepared; but requested earnestly the permission to go on board the English fleet for a few minutes. This request, with which the deputies felt it was

her share of the monthly distribution of alms from the church. Being herself feeble and infirm, she often sent her son at the appointed times for the donation, who was therefore personally known to Monsieur Maron. During the massacre of September, this young man at eight in the morning entered in a hurried manner Monsieur Maron's apartment; his hair dishevelled, his look wild and disordered, his arms bare and covered with blood; and said to him in a great perturbation, "Oh mon cher pasteur, nous avons bien besoin de vos prieres! Graces à Dieu, nous avons bien travaillé cette nuit†!" With

† "Oh my dear pastor, we have much need of your prayers! Thank God, we have worked hard last night!"

was their duty not to comply, lest he should convey intelligence, was refused with politeness. Sombreuil had before enquired the number of the republican troops; and upon hearing they only consisted of a few hundred men, he clapped his hand upon his forehead, exclaiming “ Je m’en suis douté†.” He remained  
eight

other expressions of the like nature, which indicated a mind struggling with its own remorse as with a feeling that was criminal, and having “bound up his nature to this terrible feat,” as to the performance of a great but difficult duty to his country. Monsieur Maron in vain endeavoured to touch his soul with compunction, and make him feel that the God he invoked was the avenger of crimes so terrible—He failed in the attempt; and the assassin, with the immediate conviction on his mind that he was acting in the presence of Omniscience, returned to his work of murder.

While I am on the subject of those days of carnage, I cannot help observing, that, while they display human nature sullied by crimes which make us

† “I suspected it.”

blush

eight or ten days at an inn at Quiberon, before he was put to death. One day the officer upon guard over him invited a friend to dinner; and observing that he had pistols in his pocket, he took him aside, and begged he would conceal them, since it was possible that, if they were perceived by his prisoner, he might

blush for our species, they exhibit more than one solitary instance of the most heroical virtue; and the ferocity of the assassin is contrasted, not only with the filial tenderness of the daughter of Sombrenil, but with the sublime magnanimity of the abbé Guillon, who was a prisoner in the Abbey at that fatal period. An order for the liberty of the abbé Guillon arrived: he was called to the court-yard in the midst of the massacre, and the order was given to him which was to rescue him from death. He took the paper in his hand; which after reading, instead of seizing the means it presented of escape, he gave back, saying, that there was another abbé of the name of Guillon in the prison, for whom he saw the order was intended. Having said this, he returned to die. This is perhaps the noblest trait of virtue which has contrasted the crimes of the revolution.

attempt

attempt to seize them for the purpose of destroying himself. The young man, unobserved as he believed by Sombreuil, hid his pistols at the foot of a bed. Some time after Sombreuil threw himself carelessly on the bed; and at the moment when dinner was ready, and the officer asked him to come to the table, he sprang up, seized one of the pistols, and applied it to his forehead. The pistol snapped, and Sombreuil was reserved for the fate inflicted by the republican law, to which he submitted with admirable firmness.

I have heard Monsieur de Lille relate, that when Quiberon was taken, the republican soldiers, far from displaying the insulting joy of the victor towards the vanquished, suppressed the exultation of triumph, and seemed to lament the unhappy situation of their captive foes. They carefully supported such of those unfortunate prisoners as were wounded,

wounded, in their way to the fort, afforded them all the succour of which they stood in need ; and some of the soldiers were heard soliciting the emigrants to take the white cockade out of their hats before they reached the fort, lest it should expose them to insult.

The devoted emigrants, conscious of the fate that awaited them, poured forth the bitter imprecations of indignant anguish, not against those by whom they were vanquished, but those by whom they were sent thither. Cruel indeed was their destiny ! Cruel indeed has been the fate of the French emigrants in every circumstance, and in every situation in which they have been placed ! It is their lot to feel, that by kindling the flames of war throughout Europe, that by directing the hostile sword of foreign potentates against their country, they are the remote cause of every wound with which that country has bled, and of every crime



with which it has been polluted. But while they have been the means of spreading misery over their native land, how acute are those miseries to which they have themselves been exposed in those lands of strangers where they have sought an asylum !—doomed to weary the short-lived pity they excited, to repeat the tale of their wrongs till it is heard with coldness, and to feel amidst the sharp remembrance of prostrate honours and of vanished wealth, not only the evils of poverty, but the stings of neglect. If such be the wretchedness of those who have only abandoned their country ; for those who have taken arms against it what calamities have been reserved ! Vanquished in every conflict, they have long been the contempt of the republican armies ; while they have been repeatedly delivered up to the terrible severity of the republican law by the coalesced powers, without hesitation and without remorse !

remorse! They have not merely found *enemies* that are merciless, but may well exclaim in the language of Jaffier, "Hide me from my *friends*!"

The convention, after having shaken off the Jacobins and the Jacobinical constitution, were pressed by the friends of liberty to establish a new government, and lay aside the present revolutionary system, which was nothing but a collection of circumstances and contingencies, and which now retained the forms of tyranny without any of its energy. The commission of Eleven, to whose consideration the formation of another constitution had been referred, presented their report the beginning of August: and the constitution being accepted by the convention, after previous debates on every part which merited consideration; it was further proposed by the commission that some mode should be adopted, since the constitution was finished, of finishing the

revolution also. To finish the revolution was an idea of all others the most soothing to the public mind, which, agitated for six years past by the most convulsive political tempests, felt perhaps less the love of order, than the irresistible desire of repose.

It was observed by the commission, that many of the evils which had overwhelmed the state had arisen from the impolitic decree of the constituent assembly which forbade the re-election of its members to the succeeding legislature; since, had such a selection been permitted as the people would have made among the members of the constituent body, the inexperience and weakness of their successors would have been necessarily corrected. The commission, willing to avoid this error, proposed to the convention a measure of a very different complexion, but which the perilous state of the republic, surrounded by royalists

on the one side, and terrorists on the other, in their opinion imperiously demanded. This measure was the re-election of two-thirds of the present convention into the next legislature, on the plea that they were tried friends to the revolution, and were most likely to support the constitution which they themselves had formed. Two decrees passed upon this proposition; the first of which, called the law of the fifth of Fructidor, was for the re-election of two-thirds of the convention in the new legislature, and the second, called the law of the 13th of Fructidor, that in default of the re-election of the two thirds by the departments, that is of five hundred of the actual members, the deficiency should be filled by their own nomination. Those laws were annexed to the constitutional act, and sent forth to be approved or rejected by the nation.

The history of the political events which followed the promulgation of those

memorable laws, and which form one of the most remarkable epochas in the annals of the French revolution, I reserve for a future series of letters. At present, I shall only add, that, the primary assemblies in every part of the republic having unanimously accepted the constitution, it was proclaimed to be the law of the land; and on the fifth of Brumaire, at two in the afternoon, the president of the national convention declared that its mission was accomplished.

Thus finished the three years' session of this memorable assembly, forming an æra the most eventful in the history of mankind. This assembly was replaced by the new legislature, which consisted of two distinct houses, under the names of the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of the Elders, composed of two thirds of the late Convention, and of the other third named by the people.

The



The first act of the councils was the formation of the executive power, under the title of the Directory ; and the new machine of government was put into action. The void left by the kingdom of France, which the orator told us was struck out of the chart of Europe, though every power during this interval of annihilation has feelingly experienced the effects of its invifible hand, is now filled up by a powerful and triumphant republic.

I cannot conclude this sketch of revolutionary government without observing, that we fhould beware of the injufice of accusing the French people of thofe crimes of which they are the mourners, and of which they only have been the victims. They, who have feen their fields ravaged, their vineyards ftained with blood, their cities reduced to afhes ; they, who have loft their fathers, their hufbands, their children, their friends ;

they, who, far from throwing a veil over the atrocities they abhor, have proclaimed, have published them to the world—to charge that people with the enormities under which they have groaned, would be indeed to arraign the oppressed for the guilt of the oppressor. With equal candour might the English be stigmatized as a barbarous nation, because a Clive has famished Asiatic provinces, or because, on the coast of Africa, the slave-merchant traffics in blood; while all in the British parliament who are distinguished for genius or worth, all whose names are pronounced with honour and respect, have passed the sentence of condemnation on that detestable commerce, and, laying aside their political divisions on other points, here form *but one party, the party of humanity*. But why is humanity forced to proceed with tardy and incumbered steps? why is she thus impeded in her progress?

gress? Ah, let us, till the slave-trade no longer stains the British name, be more gentle in our censures of other nations! I know not how that partial morality can be justified, which measures right and wrong by geographical divisions; and, while it pours forth the bitterness of declamation against human crimes in France, sanctions them in Africa. I have related to you, with the detestation I have felt, the evils of that tyranny which assumed the name of revolutionary government; but the faithful historian of a slave-ship would perhaps admit, that there are horrors beyond the drowning scenes of Carrier, or the guillotines of Robespierre. The wretched African, torn for ever from all he loved, and condemned to miseries which can only terminate in death, would perhaps, while chained beneath those decks where the air he breathes is contagion, and where he struggles with convulsive agony, smile

at the approach of the axe which would relieve intolerable torments, or the opening planks which would bury him with his oppressors beneath the billows of the ocean. With all the feelings of an Englishwoman at my heart, a heart that glows for the real honour of my country, I pour the fervent wish that she may speedily wipe away this foul reproach ; and that, while her sources of commercial wealth flow in lavish abundance from every quarter of the globe, she may reject with indignant scorn that execrable traffic of which humanity is the barter.

Upon the whole, the cause of liberty is not the less sacred, nor her charms less divine, because sanguinary monsters and sordid savages have defiled her temple, and insulted her votaries. Like Midas, their uncouth ears have been deaf to her sweet sounds ; and we ought not to wonder, that by such judges the coarse dialect of jacobinical jargon, like

like the unharmonious gratings of Marfyas's reeds, was preferred to the heavenly breathings of Apollo's lute.

But those barbarous triumphs are past, and anarchy and vandalism can return no more. The new constitution, like the spear of Romulus thrown with a strong hand, will fix itself in the earth, so that no human force can root it up, and will become, like the budding wood, the object of a people's veneration.



## L E T T E R VIII.

**A**FTER having traced the dark picture of the internal state of France under the tyranny of Robespierre; I ought in justice to turn your attention to the brighter side of the piece, by giving you also a sketch of the enterprises of the French armies during the period of revolutionary government. And though I am not, like some of the females of this country, skilled in the art of war, and qualified to describe the positions of battles,

“ Where man, the murderer, meets the murderer,  
man ! ”

I have had an opportunity of collecting materials which I have only the task to relate, and which I hope you will find are valuable. They have for the most part been furnished me by the actors in  
the

the scenes they record ; and it will perhaps not be uninteresting to you, to have the means of comparing the accounts given of those memorable actions by the republican troops, with those which have been published by the coalesced armies.

The beginning of the campaign of 1793 was fatal to the armies of the French republic. Not only the Low Countries, which had been conquered by the armies of Dumourier, were lost, but some of the strongest places on the frontiers of France had fallen into the enemies' hands. The Austrians, the Piedmontese, the English, and the Spaniards had circumscribed the space of revolutionary government ; while civil war, more cruel than the axe of Robespierre, was raging in the departments.

The first presage which the republic hailed, that the fortune of war had not finally deserted her cause, was the victory obtained over the English at Dunkirk, and which was immediately followed by

another as signal obtained over the Spaniards under the walls of Perpignan, where the representative Fabre, one of the missionaries of the convention to the armies, was killed.

The taking of Toulon had inspired the deepest resentment, of which the English residing in France became the victims, as I have before related. Every nerve was strained on the part of the French to regain this important place; and though it was calculated, that twenty thousand men must be sacrificed for that purpose, it was resolved that the sacrifice should be made. The formidable redoubts, and all the ingenuity of fortification, proved feeble barriers against republican enthusiasm; forts that were deemed impregnable were taken; and the place was speedily evacuated by the English, who carried with them several of the vessels, and crowds of the wretched inhabitants, whose only safety was in flight.

It

It was at this period, at the end of the year 1793, that the armies of the republic, in consequence of the law of the requisition, were reinforced by the whole of the youth of France from the age of eighteen to twenty-five. This law, which was universally obeyed, not merely because terror was the order of the day, but also from the principle of patriotism, was one of those happy expedients to which the republic owes its present safety. The first occasion which this young soldiery had of serving their country, was on the mountains of Alsace. There the Prussian and Austrian armies had held uninterrupted possession for some months; the lines of Weissembourg had been given up by treachery; and the posts along the Rhine as far as Strasbourg, and westward to Savonne, were in their hands. The conquest of Toulon, the victories at Dunkirk and Perpignan, had infused new ardour into  
the

the republican troops ; and, though no hopes were yet entertained of repelling the grand army of the invaders, it was determined to drive away the enemy from this frontier of the republic. For that purpose the army of the Moselle united itself to that of the Rhine, and attacked the enemy in their intrenchments on the heights between Bitche and Haguenau, where they had erected redoubts as formidable as those of Gemappe ; the taking of which posts forced the enemy to evacuate the other places they held, as far as the banks of the Rhine, and concentrate their forces at the lines of Weissebourg. But an action still more decisive was necessary to open the way to Landau, which had been surrendered, or rather left in the rear of the enemy for more than six months. This action took place on the very frontier. After a most bloody engagement, which was fought along the line upwards  
of



of eight leagues, the bayonets of the French decided the conquest; and the Prussian and Austrian generals were completely routed by Hoche and Pichegru, who began their military career as commanders in chief under these brilliant auspices.

By this important victory, not only was Landau delivered, but Worms, Spires, and the country on the left side of the Rhine to Oggerheim, a post opposite to Mannheim, fell into the power of the republic. Fort Vauban, formerly Fort Louis, an important post in an island in the river, was blown up by the Austrians when evacuated. This victory in the north was followed soon after by another gained over the Spaniards at the Pyrenées. The Spanish army presented itself before St. Jean de Luz at day-break; the battle lasted from seven in the morning until noon, and ended in the retreat of the assailants before  
half

half the number of the French, who boast of this victory as one of the most distinguished of the war, though no other advantage was gained by them, than that of preventing the inroads of the enemy on that quarter.

It has been asserted, that it was easy for the French to conquer, since they had always an immense superiority of forces. Perhaps it may be admitted to be some mark of public virtue, that a single nation should have been able to possess even this superiority against almost the whole of Europe; but those who have marked the character and situation of the French, will ascribe their victories to other causes. It has often been observed, that the man who fights for the liberty of his country feels motives which no hireling can feel. What interest has the Spanish or the Austrian soldier in the triumph of his general? He remains the same sullen slave, sub-  
jected

jected to the same coarse discipline of blows, and marches forward only because he knows that retreat is death. The French soldier feels, that with the success of his arms is linked the existence of his country, and all that is dear to him. Whether he has studied Mably and Rousseau, or not; he has heard that liberty is the prize for which the most distinguished nations have fought: this sentiment he nourishes and forms into a principle, which exercise exalts into enthusiasm; and the terms *country* and *liberty* are like certain cabalistical words, that when pronounced produce a supernatural effect on a Frenchman, with which his antagonist must be unacquainted. Some French soldiers were imprisoned at St. Jean de Luz for military offences. When they heard the first firing of the cannon, they earnestly entreated to have permission to join the battle, which they obtained; and after  
having

having signalized themselves in the action, those who survived, laid down their arms, and returned voluntarily to their prison. Some of their comrades, who were prisoners in a fort adjoining, made the same petition, which was refused by the commander. They prayed, wept, threatened, tore their hair, and became so mutinous, that the officer was obliged to stand sentinel over them himself; and when released a few days after the action, they complained of their safety in prison as a punishment which was excessive and cruel.

This enthusiasm has in some sort changed the national military character. Fondness for show and noise is laid aside, and the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has given place to manly sentiment. If we were to judge of a French and German regiment by their appearance, or according to the principles of military pedantry, the

the decision would quickly be made. Falstaff's description of his levy has sometimes recurred to me when I have seen the martial array of many of the republican troops, whose coats indeed bore some marks of uniformity, but every other part of the dress, down to the wooden shoes, was varied according to the taste or purse of the wearer.

The age of the great majority of the republican forces is also the best fitted for the performance of daring actions. The armies are composed of men who are at that period of life when labour, and especially military labour, it is said is best supported. If they fall sick, they soon recover; and if they are wounded, their wounds are soon healed. Being of the same age, their opinions, their wants, their amusements are the same; so that the spirit of fraternity among the troops is a natural as well as moral feeling. What also forms an essential distinction  
between



between the soldiers of the French armies and those of the coalesced powers, is the dignity and self-importance which is felt by the former. The French soldier can be subjected to none of the whimsical barbarities of military discipline, to no degrading punishment. Even the scourge and the cane are unknown. Death is the punishment for great crimes, and imprisonment for slight offences; and death cannot be inflicted on the soldier but by a jury of his peers, who are far from being the most merciful judges. While I was at Huningue, a fortress near the frontiers of Switzerland, on the banks of the Rhine, where I passed some weeks, I had an opportunity of making this observation. Two soldiers had been tried for robbery and an attempt to desert. The jury was composed of the inhabitants of the town; and though the accused were evidently guilty, they were acquitted. The garrison murmured at the verdict.

A few

A few days after, another soldier was tried for robbery, the evidence of which was far from being so clear as in the former instance ; but half the jury being composed of soldiers, he was found guilty, and punished with death. This sentiment of honour is sometimes a little ferocious ; but it serves a French soldier instead of discipline, and all the other restraints which are put on the passions of men. It is this sentiment which engages him to fight for his country, to march half-naked, to support the extremes of hunger and fatigue, to keep himself from pilfering, and to meet death with gaiety. With this sentiment is united his personal courage, his dexterity and vivacity, the cultivation of his mind, his liberty of thinking, the general knowledge that he possesses of the public affairs of his country ; while his enthusiasm is animated by patriotic songs and martial music analogous to his feelings.

Previous

Previous to the war it was prognosticated that the popular confederacies, and civic festivals in which the soldier joined with the citizen, would be subversive of all military order and subordination : but it has been found that those civic festivals are the very source of his ardour and courage.

With men thus fitted for military exploits by all the motives which can animate the human mind to glorious enterprises, it is no longer a matter of surprise that such valorous deeds have been performed. The campaign of 1793, which had begun under such unhappy auspices that few were found so sceptical as not to believe that the republic was at the eye of its dissolution, ended in repelling the invaders from every point of the republic except that part of the frontier which was defended by Valenciennes.

In the forest of Mormail, which lies south of that city, the coalesced armies had  
collected

collected their forces ; and opened the campaign of 1794 with the defeat of the French division in this quarter, and the taking of Landrecies, a fortress on the third line ; so that no other strong post remained between this place and Paris. The republican armies were more fortunate in the south. Under the command of general Bagdelone, a detachment of the army of the Alps scaled those mountains, across snows, over rocks almost inaccessible, and along tremendous precipices ; and after passing two nights in those regions of eternal winter, without fire or covering, took possession of the redoubts on mount Valaisin, and planted the three-coloured standard on the lofty summit of St. Bernard. The astonished Piedmontese, after a short resistance, fled with precipitation from enemies who seemed guided by some supernatural hand ; but not without leaving on the snow the dreadful traces of the republican victory.

The same dangers and the same success attended the taking of mount Cenis, which was carried by the main body under the command of general Dumas. These advantages were immediately followed by another of much greater importance. The strong and almost impregnable fortress of Saorgio was attacked by the army of Italy, and fell into their hands, together with Belvedere, la Boulana, and other places, with all the Austrian and Piedmontese camps, and immense quantities of stores.

The two armies of the eastern and western Pyrenées at the same moment signalized themselves by victories. On the western side the Spaniards were routed with great slaughter: two thousand were taken prisoners, and two hundred pieces of cannon with all the magazines fell into the hands of the republicans. On the eastern side the Spaniards had still possession of two important posts,  
Port



Port Vendre, and Collioure. Those two places, together with fort St. Elmo, which commanded them, were taken by the French, who overcame obstacles that only their enthusiasm could subdue. The French army employed twenty-four days in this attack. When St. Elmo and Port Vendre were no longer tenable, the Spaniards retired into Collioure, and at length surrendered to general Dugommier, who sent seven thousand prisoners back to Spain, and replenished his army with the immense quantity of spoils that fell into his hands. The colours of liberty now crowned the shaggy summits of the Pyrenées, as well as those of the frozen Alps.

The victories of the south were soon followed by victories of the north.—While the coalesced armies were marching to Paris, the left wing of the northern army made a diversion in Brabant. After a most obstinate resistance on the part

of general Clairfait, and a total defeat of his army, which was driven back on Tournay, the French took possession of Courtray and Menin. The right division of the northern armies, including the army of the Sambre and Meuse, by the evacuation of Beaumont, formed a junction with the army of the Ardennes, along the Sambre. In one of those actions the infantry charged the Austrian cavalry three times, and put them to flight; an instance of bravery not equalled, it is said, since the battle of Pharsalia; and so much the more glorious for the French arms than it was for the Roman, as their legions were trained by long discipline to triumph, while these were the exploits of soldiers but a few months in arms.

While the republic was pushing on its splendid victories, and preparing for still greater, it received a shock where defeat, though fatal, was not attended with disgrace. This period was signalized by  
the

the naval combat of the first of June. The ardour of the French was an unequal counterpoise to the superior skill which directed the movements of the English fleet. On that element where impetuosity availed nothing against knowledge and discipline; on that element which England calls her own, she triumphed; and although the French fleet succeeded in what had been its chief aim, the saving a very considerable convoy which it was of the utmost consequence to preserve, it was defeated with the loss of seven vessels, and sustained such damage as rendered it incapable of any immediate service.

The progress of the main army of the coalesced powers, which had remained during the defeat of Clairfait in the strong post of the forest of Mormail towards the frontiers of the Ardennes, alarmed the towns in that quarter; and extraordinary measures were taken for the safety of

Sedan, which appeared to be menaced. This new danger roused the ardour of the inhabitants of that country around, who marched from Sedan, Mezieres and the neighbouring communes, to the relief of the fortress of Bouillon, which had stopped the enemy's progress. The same resistance was made at Maubeuge, where the women and children with their husbands and fathers mingled in the battle, and the mayor and the municipal officers fought and fell in the foremost ranks. The attack of the enemy in the Palatinate was attended with greater success; the army of the Moselle was defeated, and the post of Kaisers-Lautern, with some others, fell into the possession of the Prussians.

In the mean time different divisions on the Sambre continued to push on, and passed the river; the army of the Ardennes marched forward to Mons; while others took possession of various  
posts

posts on the left of Charleroi, after much obstinate resistance, and succeeded in investing the place; having forced the camps of Montigny on the north of the river, and taken possession of another which was placed on an eminence called the Heights of the Tomb.

Such at this important period were the positions of the contending forces. The coalesced powers were in possession of the territory of the republic from Condé to Landrecies, with the towns of Valenciennes and Quesnoy; but as Lille, Bouchain, and Cambray hung on one flank, and Maubeuge, Sedan, and Mezieres on the other, they found it dangerous to make any further progress towards Paris. Leaving the defence of these towns to their respective garrisons, the republican armies, agreeably to the plan of the campaign, were occupied in attempting to form a junction in their rear, beyond Tournay on the one side,



and Mons on the other ; which junction, if the enemy did not previously evacuate the territory, would cut off their retreat, and compel them to surrender. The taking of Ypres with six thousand prisoners, after several victories gained over Clairfait, who attempted to relieve it, and of Charleroi with its garrison, immediately after, decided the coalesced commanders to hazard a battle, on the event of which their own fate, and that of France, was now visibly suspended.

The battle of Fleurus has been called the Sempach\* of the French republic. It was this battle which decided its destiny, and secured its independence. The ground on which it was fought had been already

\* Sempach is a small town in the canton of Lucerne, in Switzerland, situated on the borders of a lake, to which it gives its name. About a league and a half from this town, on the hills that skirt the lake, was fought the memorable battle called the  
battle

already twice celebrated for victories gained by the French, over the Spaniards in 1622, and over the allies in 1690. To retake Charleroi, and stop the progress of the republican forces in this quarter, was indispensable for the safety of the coalesced armies. For this important purpose the prince of Cobourg drew off the whole of his forces, except such as were absolutely necessary for the garrison of the captured towns; and this army, already immense, was strengthened the day before the battle by the arrival of a considerable body of Prussians. An immense train of artillery, and cavalry as numerous again as that of the French, made up this formidable force.

On the left side of Charleroi, near the battle of Sempach, on July the 9th, 1386; when the Swiss defeated the Austrians, and Duke Leopold was killed, with the flower of his army, and the chief of his nobles. It was this battle which secured the independence of the Swiss Cantons.

little village of Fleurus, the armies engaged. The battle began at break of day. The right wing of the coalesced army was commanded by the prince of Orange, the left by general Beaulieu; the prince of Lambese was at the head of the cavalry, and the prince of Cobourg commanded in chief. The republican forces were commanded by general Jourdan; the generals Marceau and Lefevre led the wings, and the cavalry were headed by general Dubois. Kleber was stationed on the opposite side of Charleroi to protect the bridge of Marchiennes, and prevent the enemy from taking them in flank, or falling on their rear. Three times the republican forces were driven back to their intrenchments by the enemy's artillery. The cries of "No retreat!" "No retreat to day!" brought them up again; and after nine hours had elapsed, the victory remained undecided and the battle seemed to have been only begun.

begun. The various movements of the hostile generals had been crowned with nearly equal success, when Jourdan, bringing up his *corps de reserve*, ordered the *pas de charge* to be beat throughout the whole line. The enemy could no longer stand the shock, but gave way in all quarters, and left the republicans masters of the field. This splendid victory decided the fate of the coalesced forces. In order to prevent the danger with which they were threatened from a junction of the two divisions of the northern army, which they had not the means of preventing, they precipitated their retreat from the soil of the republic, of which they had been in possession since the treason of Dumourier; leaving nevertheless behind them the garrisons of Condé, Valenciennes, Quesnoy, and Landrecies, with all their magazines and stores.

While Mons and other posts occupied by the enemy were seized by the conquerors

querors of Fleurus ; and Ostend, Tournay, and the neighbouring towns fell into the hands of the left division of the northern army under Pichegru ; the coalesced princes, with the remains of their army, fled back to Bruxelles, after making various but vain attempts to stem the impetuosity of the republican torrent. The same success attended the French forces on the frontiers of Alsace. Three successive days the united armies of the Rhine and the Moselle were engaged with the Prussians. The victory at Tripstadt decided the fate of the Palatinate, and the republican forces resumed their former positions.

The two grand divisions of the northern army formed their junction at Ath, a town lying at an equal distance from Tournay and Mons, on the road to Bruxelles. From hence, that which was called the army of the north, under Pichegru, went in pursuit of the Dutch and English forces



forces that were retreating into Holland, and took possession of Nieuport, Mechlin, Antwerp, and other towns on the Scheldt; while that of the Sambre and Meuse, under Jourdan, dividing itself, followed the Austrians with one division to Bruxelles, and with another took possession of Namur and other posts on the Meuse.

The chiefs of the coalition, passing hastily through Bruxelles, made some resistance at the Montagne de Fer, on the road from Louvain to Tirlemont: but the impetuosity of the conquerors was irresistible, and the Austrians had no respite till they had fled over the Meuse, leaving the republicans masters of Liege, and of the immense tract of country which they had before conquered in the campaign of 1792, and had possessed till the opening of the campaign of the following year.

LETTER

## L E T T E R IX.

**T**HE horrors which defolated the interior part of France had too long formed a melancholy contrast with the resplendent glories that hung around its frontiers; and the honour of the French name, sinking beneath the obloquy with which it was loaded by the crimes of its domestic tyrants, was only sustained by the astonishing achievements of the French armies. They alone remained pure and unsullied by the contagious guilt which overspread their country. They alone appear to have been the true representatives of the French nation, and every family in France could boast of having a deputy upon the frontier. It was the duty of the French soldiers not to deliberate upon the internal commotions, but to repulse the hostile  
invader :

invader: and Europe, which has been the theatre of their exploits, has been awed by their overwhelming greatness.

The French armies were in a great measure ignorant of what was passing in the internal part of the country; their communications with home being entirely in the hands of the conspirators who governed, and who were careful to conceal from the gallant defender of liberty, that, while he was lavishing his blood in her defence, his honourable toils and dangers had no power to shield an aged father, a mother, or a sister from the scaffold.

The tyrants of the day were also careful not to push their revolutionary measures too far with respect to the armies. For although, when the decree arrived, that no English or Hanoverian should be made prisoners, the generals answered in the language of the governor of Bayonne to Charles IX. “ That they commanded  
soldiers,

soldiers, and not executioners ;” and although Robespierre, on hearing that an English garrison had been made prisoners contrary to the tenor of the decree, exclaimed with fury, “ that the lives of five thousand men were nothing compared to the violation of a principle ;” the army wore so stern an aspect against the deed they were commanded to perform, that the committee of public safety did not venture to take notice of their disobedience. This immoral and infamous decree, which was as much reprobated in France as in any other part of Europe, was never once put into execution ; nor does it appear that a single act of dishonour has stained the glory of the armies. They were, indeed, during the reign of Robespierre, sometimes infested by Jacobin missionaries, whose ignorance and ferocity produced occasional discontents. At Huningue I was shewn the place where the French crossed the Rhine  
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to attack the Austrian army on the opposite side of the river. A representative on mission, who knew as much of war as he did of legislation, displaced the general who ventured to demonstrate the danger and folly of the enterprise, and put himself at the head of the forces. He escaped with the loss of his hat and feather : but the troops were slaughtered in great numbers ; and those who fled from the sword were either disarmed by the Swiss, whose territory they violated in their flight, or drowned in the Rhine.

The iron hand that weighed on the people was at length removed ; and national justice, overtaking the assassins who had usurped the reins of government, closed the book of horrors. The nation had the double satisfaction of seeing itself at the same moment delivered from revolutionary government, and of beholding its armies in possession of the same posts as when this revolutionary system began.

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It has been a question often debated, "Whether the revolutionary measures which were adopted by the party of Robespierre were not the immediate and necessary causes of the triumphs that followed?" It is certain that the levy of the first requisition saved the country; but this requisition might have been levied by law as well as terror, as the event has since proved. After joining in the general acclamation of the people on the destruction of the tyrants, the armies began their irruption into the enemy's country, both in the north and south, by the invasion of Holland, and the capture of Fontarabia and St. Sebastian in Spain. The army of the western Pyrenées took possession of Guipescœa, with Tolosa the capital of the province: and the army of the Palatinate, of the electorate of Treves; making themselves masters of the Sarre and the Moselle, as the other armies had of the Scheldt and the Meuse.

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It was at this period that the English acquired by conquest the island of Corsica. The French fleet had been so dismantled and diminished at Toulon, that it could afford no assistance to the inhabitants; and after sustaining a vigorous siege, the garrison of Calvi was constrained to capitulate. The news of the partial capture of the French possessions in the West Indies accompanied this reverse nearer home.

While the northern armies were pursuing the coalesced forces, the four towns of Landrecies, Quesnoy, Condé, and Valenciennes, which had been the reward of the whole labours of the invading armies during their last campaign, and which were filled with immense stores of every kind, and strongly garrisoned, fell successively into the hands of the republic. These victories were almost as rapid as the means by which they were communicated. The news of the capture of Quesnoy

noy was brought to the convention an hour after the surrender, by the aid of an instrument since called the Telegraph. This machine, the invention of an artist of the name of Chappe, had been constructed the preceding year; but it required the intervening space to reduce the system to practice, and instruct those who were to be employed in transmitting the intelligence.

The republican armies received very essential service on the opening of this campaign from another instrument, which was also of French invention. The balloon, which we had hitherto beheld the amusement of philosophers and children, and the uses of which had so often been the subject of idle speculation, was now made subservient to the most important purposes. Whenever it was expedient to be apprized of the position or force of the enemy, this machine of *espionage* was sent up for discovery: and the reporters, with

with the aid of glaffes, became acquainted with the strength or weaknefs of the pofts, and gave directions where the attack fhould be made or forborne. The balloon, like an ill-omen'd bird, ftruck terror into the hearts of the Austrians, who beheld it hovering as the vanguard of deftruction, which they knew from experience to be fure and irrefiftible.

While Bellegarde, the laft fortrefs which the Spaniards held in the eastern Pyrenées, was retaken, a divifion of the army of the north took poffeffion of the Sluice, a poft of great importance, and the key of the province of Zealand, which was contefted with obftinacy, and won by no ordinary valour; and the army of the Sambre and Meufe, under Jourdan, followed the Austrian fugitives, in order to drive them acrofs the Rhine. The Austrians, recovering from their terror, after paffing the Meufe, took ftrong pofitions on the little fream of Aywaille, which,

which, though of small importance as a river, was fortified by rocky banks which it was difficult to pass. The heights behind it were covered with redoubts, and the whole defended by a very considerable force. At day-break the republicans attacked, and carried with the bayonet, the passages of the river and the enemy's camps and redoubts; pursued a division to the walls of Maestricht, on the one side, and on the other to Aix-la-Chapelle, of which they took possession.

The Austrians, driven from this last position, had taken others on the Roer, forming their line on each side of the city of Juliers, from the passage of Duaren to Linnich. The capture of this city was of considerable importance; since it would cut off every hope of assistance to Maestricht, which was now invested. Jourdan formed his army into four divisions. To Scherer he gave the command of the right wing; to Kleber of the left: LeFevre  
commanded



commanded the van; and that of the centre he took himself. Early in the morning the attack began. In a short time the camp before Juliers was carried, and all the other columns were equally successful, but that under Le Fevre, which, after beating the enemy, found it impossible to pass the river at Linnich, as the bridge was destroyed, and the town set on fire. The combat was about to be renewed the next morning, when they found the enemy had abandoned the place: and at the moment when a battery began to open on Juliers, a deputation of the magistrates presented the keys to the conquerors; and the city, which might have sustained a formidable siege (being in a respectable state of defence, and well stored), surrendered at discretion. This important victory decided the final retreat of the Austrians. They found it vain to contend any longer with an enemy to whom

conquest

conquest was become habitual, and therefore left the republicans that part of the country undisputed, who soon after planted the tree of liberty on the banks of the Rhine, in the city of Cologne.

The progress of the northern army, under Pichegru, was attended with similar success. The capture of Crevecoeur, the key of Bois-le-duc, soon gave them possession of this important place. The duchies of Cleves and Gueldres fell in quick succession on the one side, and the fortresses of Hulst, Saas-de-gand, and other forts in Dutch Flanders, surrendered to the republican arms on the other : while the armies of the Moselle and the Rhine having formed their junction at Lautree, after taking various towns on their way, unfurled the three-coloured flag in the long proverbially celebrated city of Coblentz.

Imagination toils after victories like these. Not four months had elapsed since  
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the Austrians were almost within view of Paris; having taken the last fortrefs on the way that opposed their passage. What then in four short months has driven those mighty hosts from the frontiers of the republic, and thrown into its possession towns, duchies, electorates, principalities, and provinces? What has armed not only the young, but has renovated the vigour of the old? What, but that holy flame which liberty kindles in every heart but that of the base and degenerate? What, but that unconquerable love of their country, which animates a people, when, after a long night of oppression, they have at length a country to hail?

The two armies of the eastern and western Pyrenees, though their progress was not so rapid as those of the north, were every day gathering new laurels. That of the western Pyrenees obtained at this period a signal victory, which put

them in possession of the celebrated establishment of Orbeycette, and Egny, and made them masters of the provinces of Navarre and Biscay almost to the walls of Pampelune. The attack took place at twelve different places ; each of which, strong from its natural position, had, in expectation of the enemy, been a long time prepared for defence with all the resources of art. Every mountain was a redoubt, or fortified camp, and every passage had a ditch or covered way. The impetuosity of the French troops overcame all obstacles ; and though the resistance was obstinate, the enemy was compelled, with a very considerable loss of men and stores, to save themselves by a precipitate retreat.

The spot which the republicans had now conquered was the celebrated plains of Roncevaux, where the proud Castilian had erected a pyramid in honour of the victories obtained over the French in

the time of Charlemagne. Age had obliterated the characters which victory had inscribed : the republicans dismantled this monument of their ancestors' shame, and planted the tree of liberty on its ruins.

The army of the eastern Pyrenees signalized itself at the same time by victories no less splendid. After the taking of Castella, the Spanish army had opposed nearly the same resistance to the progress of the French forces on the eastern side as had already been made on the west. After a desperate engagement, in which the republican general Dugommier was killed, the French army marched on towards Figueres, the key of Catalonia. This important fortress, the last erected and most finished piece of fortification in Europe, was so surrounded by redoubts and intrenchments that it was deemed impregnable. Here the Spanish generals had assembled their



forces, and seemed to have fixed the bounds of republican victories. After a bloody conflict, in which three generals were killed, among whom was the commander in chief the Count de la Union, the French bayonets, as usual, decided the contest. The enemy rallied on the heights of Liers : but the impetuosity of the assailants forced them to a second flight ; and the fortress of Figueres, after having been two days invested, was surrendered to the French, with nearly ten thousand prisoners of war, and an immense quantity of artillery and stores.

The right division of the northern army had taken possession of Venloo, a strong town in Gueldres, belonging to the United Provinces on the right side of the Meuse ; but no further progress could be made in that quarter until Maastricht fell into their hands. Maastricht, which is esteemed one of the most regular fortifications in Europe, was fully garrisoned and

and provisioned; and it might have been expected, as the bad season was advancing, that it would have sustained a considerable siege.

The resistance on the part of the besieged was equalled by the intrepidity of the assailants, who after a conflict with the elements, for their trenches were often under water, as well as with the enemy, carried the place in fifteen days, and acquired by this important conquest the full command of the Meuse.

The surrender of this place was followed by that of fort Schanke. This fort is situated on the fork of the Rhine, which here first divides itself, and loses its name in rivers usurping its dignity, while itself creeps away an obscure rivulet, and at length ends in a Dutch canal.

The taking of this fortress hastened the capture of Nimeguen, a beautiful and strong town on the Waal, famous

for the peace made in 1679. The French also took a considerable number of Dutch prisoners ; the English army in its retreat having broken down the bridge before their allies could get over, who were compelled of course to surrender.

The severity of the weather had put a stop to any further military operations ; and nothing of importance occurred but the taking of the two fortresses of Rhinfels, and the fort opposite Mannheim, which gave the French full possession of every spot of ground on this side of the Rhine, except Mentz, which was the refuge of the conquered armies ; and of which the French troops continued a fruitless siege. It was in vain for the northern army to attempt to penetrate farther into Holland, since the remains of the coalesced forces, intrenched behind the Waal and the Meuse, rendered every effort of the assailants unavailing. Had it been possible to find boats or barges  
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in order to pass those formidable barriers, the batteries on the opposite side would have prevented their being employed. The overflow of the country also, had they gained the opposite banks, would have impeded their progress, and the conquest of Holland appeared altogether impracticable. Happily for the French, nature levelled these obstacles. The rivers were frozen by the extreme rigour of the season, and, instead of opposing barriers to the republican forces, became a vast bridge, over which the whole line extending from Nimeguen to Breda, a distance of upwards of thirty-six miles, began their march in the night of the sixth and seventh of Nivose, answering to the last days in December of the old calendar.

The passage of the Meuse before the island of Bommel was effected by the troops under the command of general Dandaels; and the dispositions were so  
happily

happily formed, that in spite of an obstinate resistance, the two forts of Bom-mel and St. Andreas, with sixty pieces of artillery, fell into their hands, although they had not a single cannon to support the attack. At Langstraet, general Osten carried several forts and intrenchments, while another part of the army forced the lines of Breda. The town of Grave, which for a month past had occupied the French forces, who had blocked and bombarded it, fell into their hands, which was a conquest of very considerable importance. These victories put the French in possession of an immense quantity of stores and artillery, and furnished the army with the means of making the further conquests that lay before them.

The right division of the army, a fortnight after this victory, succeeded in passing the river above Nimeguen, while the left pressed on the main body of the enemy.



enemy. The continuance of the frost made the sea as dry ground: the coalesced powers retreated as the republican armies advanced; and the towns on the Yffel, forming the eastern frontier of Holland, fell into their possession. All further opposition was ineffectual; there was no longer any enemy to be seen; and on the 21st of January, Amsterdam opened its gates to the conquerors; the reigning powers having a few days before vacated their seats, and saved themselves by a precipitate flight. The remaining fortresses followed the example of the capital, and the whole of the United States submitted to the French Republic.

THE END.

